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ABSTRACT

One of a series of 20 literary magazine profiles written to help faculty advisors wishing to start or improve their publication, this profile provides information on staffing and production of "Bittersweet," the magazine published by Quaker Valley High School, Leetsdale, Pennsylvania. The introduction describes the literary magazine contest (and the criteria), sponsored by the National Council of Teachers of English and from which the 20 magazines were chosen. The remainder of the profile--based on telephone interviews with the advisor, the contest entry form, and the two judges' evaluation sheets--describes (1) the magazine format, including paper and typestyles; (2) selection and qualifications of the students on staff, as well as the role of the advisor in working with them; (3) methods used by the staff for acquiring and evaluating student submissions; (4) sources of funding for the magazine, including fund raising activities if applicable, and production costs; and (5) changes and problems occurring during the advisor's tenure, and anticipated changes. The Spring 1984 issue of the magazine is appended. (HTH)

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AN EXEMPLARY HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY MAGAZINE: BITTERSWEET

Compiled by

Hilary Taylor Holbrook

"PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THIS MATERIAL HAS BEEN GRANTED BY
Shirley S. Stevens
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INTRODUCTION

In 1984, the National Council of Teachers of English began a national competition to recognize student literary magazines from senior high, junior high, and middle schools in the United States, Canada, and the Virgin Islands. Judges in the state competitions for student magazines were appointed by state leaders who coordinated the competition at the state level.

The student magazines were rated on the basis of their literary quality (imaginative use of language; appropriateness of metaphor, symbol, imagery; precise word choice; rhythm, flow of language), types of writing included (poetry, fiction, nonfiction, drama), quality of editing and proofreading, artwork and graphic design (layout, photography, illustrations, typography, paper stock, press work), and frontmatter and pagination (title page, table of contents, staff credits). Up to 10 points were also either added for unifying themes, cross-curricular involvement, or other special considerations, or subtracted in the case of a large percentage of outside professional and/or faculty involvement.

In the 1984 competition, 290 literary magazines received ratings of "Above average," 304 were rated "Excellent," and 44

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earned "Superior" ratings from state contest judges. On the basis of a second judging, 20 of the superior magazines received the competition's "Highest Award."

As a special project, the ERIC Clearinghouse on Reading and Communication Skills has selected 20 magazines from those receiving "Superior" ratings to serve as models for other schools wishing to start or improve their own student literary magazines. The profiles of these magazines are based on the faculty advisor's contest entry sheet, the judges' evaluation sheets, and interviews with the faculty advisors. Where possible, the magazines themselves have been appended. Information for ordering copies of the magazines is contained at the end of each profile.

BITTERSWEET

Quaker Valley High School

Leetsdale, Pennsylvania

Faculty Advisor: Shirley Stevens

Principal: Vincent Cortese

Student Editors: Amy Maczuzak and Autumn Farole

"We are proud of the magazine we produce. Although we are a small school, students in both art and English classes work together to complement one another's efforts. "

--Shirley Stevens, Faculty Advisor--

Quaker Valley High School is a three-year public school, located in a community of 1,860 residents just outside of Pittsburgh. Drawing students from several surrounding communities, Quaker Valley has an enrollment of 536 students. The school magazine Bittersweet enjoys a great deal of support from the community. Much of its funding is alloted in the school budget, and copies of the magazine sell well at the local bookstore.

THE MAGAZINE FORMAT

The magazine is 8 1/2" x 5 1/2" wide, perfect bound with a card stock cover and white paper stock pages. The front cover is

illustrated with a pale gray drawing of a merman, with the magazine title in 8 point stenciled letters, incorporated into the illustration. A smaller version of the illustration appears on the cover page. Within the text, titles and authors are in 4 point Spartan bold type, and the text is in 3 point Spartan Book type. Black and white photographs and artwork complement the text.

PRODUCTION: ANNUAL THEME

At the beginning of each school year, the student body takes a field trip, which allows the students to get to know fellow students on the magazine staff. For example, in 1984, the students visited the local zoo. These trips become the inspiration many of the submissions, giving the magazine a thematic format.

The magazine staff and the school art department enjoy a unique partnership, and Ms. Stevens feels fortunate to have such a creative art director with whom she can work so closely. The staff often try to pair artwork and writing, or sometimes write in response to a particular drawing.

In addition to writing, the staff develop criteria for evaluating work during the weekly staff meetings. The staff editor becomes a kind of teacher, spending time to train new staff members, and Ms. Stevens feels that all the editors evolve in their positions during the year.

Faculty perform about one percent of the writing, and about ten percent of the editing and proofreading, while students perform the remainder of these functions. Students perform 100

percent of the design, artwork, and paste-up. Printing is done out of house.

The magazine's budget for the 1984 issue was $1,747, of which $1,421 was allocated from the district budget, and $316 from sale of past issues. The magazine, produced at a cost of $6.50 per copy for a print run 300, is sold to students for $2.00 each. The magazine recovers approximately 20% of its expenses through sales.

SUBMISSIONS: EVALUATION BY DIPLOMACY

Quaker Valley has no creative writing classes, so the sixty to seventy percent of submissions that originate from classwork come from literature, composition, and other classes. English teachers and magazine staff members talk to students in classes, encouraging submissions. Ms. Stevens notes that submissions are usually well balanced across grade levels, but that when necessary the staff will give extra encouragement for more submissions from a particular grade. Submissions include photographs, drawings and paintings, cartoons, poetry, fiction and essays. Occasionally, the staff will write in response to a piece of artwork submitted by a student

Each of the 18 student on the staff has one vote for each submission. The voting system includes a "maybe" vote, which requires that a staff member meet with the author to discuss suggested improvements in the work. Ms. Stevens notes that this step is time consuming, "but it encourages students to revise, a process too often omitted in student writing." The number of "maybe" votes tends to decrease as the balloting approaches the

deadline. To be published, the work must receive a yes vote in two separate ballots. Those works that do not pass the balloting are returned with a positive and encouraging letter to the effect that the staff believes in the student's writing and looks forward to future submissions.

THE PAST AND FUTURE: EVOLUTION

Bittersweet was first published in 1972, with 24 mimeographed pages. The magazine now has over 180 professionally printed pages. Ms. Stevens observes that during the magazine's evolution, submissions have shifted from mostly prose to mostly poetry. The students have become fairly conservative in their attitudes, and this change is also reflected in the magazine's content. The magazine format has been thematic for only four issues, and while this format is a very successful one, whether it will continue is something the staff determines from year to year.

Apart from changes that occur as a result of changes in the student body, Ms. Stevens sees the addition of more prose in the magazine's near future.

**

Copies of BITTERSWEET may be obtained from

Quaker Valley High School

Beaver Road

Leetsdale, PA 15056

Cost: $5.00 (includes postage)

Bittersweet
Quaker Valley
Senior High School
Leetsdale, PA 15056
Volume XII
Spring, 1984

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Paranoia at Bittersweet

Why did I come to this meeting? Here's my piece of writing sitting right in front of me while some junior screws it up by reading it wrong. Finally finished messing up my work of art? What?! No positive comments? C'mon, it's not all **that** bad. Maybe I should be like Carla Robinson was last year and never come to meetings when I know my pieces will be voted on. Why don't I just **leave**? Amy H. keeps shredding this apart with her tongue and Dave isn't doing such a bad job on it either! These sophomores act like zombies when it comes to comments. If they hate my piece, then let them say so!! Fine with me! I'll carry the scars of rejection for life. Now everyone's talking at the same time over my writing and laughing at it. This is ridiculous. What?! It was voted a "yes"? Oh - a second "yes"?!! Thank goodness! Amy, would you please use your editoiral powers and pass Jeanine's lemon squares?

Diane Montanile

CHILDREN'S ZOO

giggles ... hungry goats ... oinks!
fluffy bunnies ... brat's grip ...
blue snocone lips ... disinterested
llamas . . . cotton candy sticky fingers . . .
untied tennis shoes

Economy - Sized Zombies

Oh no. . .here come more people!
How many do we have now?
Oh my God . . . you're kidding;
30 screaming, kicking children
And 58 boring adults; what a
Combination! How come WE always
Get stuck with the big groups?
The adults look like a bunch of
Zombies. How am I supposed to
Be enthused? That large woman
On the left has sooo much perfume
On it's gagging me -- I can't even
Talk! There's that loudmouthed
Baby again. What do they think is
Up there? This place was celibate,
Lorraine, certainly they don't
think **that's** up there!! Now she's
Going to sit in a chair; don't
They realize these are antiques?
Why does everyone think he can
Do as he pleases? Thank goodness
The tour is almost over. Why are
There rotten apples on the table?
Oh, I guess Ethel didn't have a
Chance to clean yet. Run into the
Next room and make sure everything
20th century is put away. Thanks.
Lorraine ... don't you wish everyone
Would go home?!

Jeanine Ward

Tiny Bubbles

A child
a soap bubble
floating through the air.

Each rising bubble,
refracting light -
purple,
red or blue,
yearns for the sky.

Until the transient bubble
falls toward earth
hitting green blades of grass,
popping,
stinging the eyes.

Melissa Beuc

R. Jeffery McGeary

Life

A Snicker's bar
opening a wrapper:
chocolate, caramel, nuts -
take all or nothing.
Nuts, people
with strange ideas.
Caramel,
sticky situations.
Chocolate,
bittersweet times
with friends.
Crumbling the wrapper,
closing the casket.

Tami Reeping

Star - Spangled

I am
apple pie,
bed at ten,

up at six,
drink my milk,
brush my teeth,
do my homework,
earn straight A's,
practice the piano,
sing in choir,
buy American,
look for the union label,
cry for the boys in Lebanon.
Pray to God - bring them home.

Jane Riley

Delicious

I have always liked rock candy
It's good when it's crunchy
But not when it's sandy.

Bethany Graham

Spirit

Lies
ghosts
some small white
Caspers,
others transparent
see-through sheets.

Sooner or later
they come back
to haunt.

Rebecca Moulton

Chow

Ears back, mouth agape,
purple tongue drooping,
viciously attacking a Gummi Bear.

Michele Petrucci

Ellen Dessloch

19

Shadows Soft

Step into darkness
Cat eyes hunt for shadows soft
Purr, curl, close my eyes.

Jennifer Wolber

Devil's Food

Duncan Hines,
A tempting devil,
Setting fiery traps
For weak - willed dieters.

Devilishly rich and creamy,
Crumbling lusciously into
The Gates of Hell.

As red velvet cake,
Baking in the ovens
Of demonic heat - 350 degrees -
Desire replaces all feelings
Of remorse.

Ann Murray

in Just -summer

in Just-
summer when the beach is sandtastic
the peanut butter and jelly grandmother
whistles far and wee

and ollieandandy come
running from touch football and
frisbees and it's summer

when the beach is wavewonderful
the grape Kool-Aide grandmother
whistles far and wee

and triciaandkate come skipping
from sandcastles and seashells and
it's summer

and the oatmeal cookie grandmother
whistles far and wee

Patricia Poppenberg

Robert Weston

Bonding Friendships

For four years,
you were my friend.
Teching me to be me -
We were covalent friends.
But as with the elements,
bonds can be broken.
One innocent hurtful statement
One innocent hurtful slap.
Decomposed!
Never again to be the same bond.

Lynette Volz

Santa

Santa
a bowl of
crisp cool cherry
J-E-L-L-O.

Watch it
wiggle,
jiggle
down the chimney.

Jolly cherry
tasty tangy treat
on Cool-Whip
Christmas morn.

Paul Campbell

T.N.T.

Christmas, dynamite
with a slow fuse --
watching,
waiting,
wondering.

Gradual approach
pace quickening
BOOM!

Nobel knew
small packages
can be deceiving --
fueled with concentrate,
with joy.

James Rock

China Pinafore

Ten years ago, I received a bright jade green pinafore from my Grandma Holstein for my birthday. To me it represented pure magic. Bordered in white, the dress contained a pocket with the face of a little Chinese girl embroidered with silken threads in light pink, brown, and black. The most prominent features of the face were the eyes, almond shaped and flecked with brown and black. When I wore it, I felt as if I were wrapped up in a dream world and transported to China to play along the Great Wall.

Laura Beamon

Siubhan

Mother's presence brought memories of Scottish Highland heather, opals, and autumn mornings; her moods recalled Arthur's knights and the "Canon in D"; her motions, the roll and dissipation of the mist; her voice, the English horn.

Anne Beswick

Winter Equinox

Flakes falling
Skiers slide
Grass going
Christmas flies
Children play
Leaves gone
Snowman Day
The heat is on.

Susan Beeman

Elizabeth Smith

One, Three, Four
Tami Reeping

"One, three, four!" And in he jumps. That's what my two-year-old neighbor, David, yells before jumping into the swimming pool.

I catch him, then set him back up on the edge of the pool. Sometimes when he jumps in he goes underwater. Then, I pull him up to the surface and he yells, "More, more!" or, "Gain, 'gain!" We do this a few more times, then suddenly he changes him mind and waddles over to his baby pool.

"David, don't you want to jump in anymore?" I ask.

"I da wanna!" he replies and starts playing with his toys in the baby pool.

"Fine," I say as I make my way to the opposite end of the pool. I pull myself out of the water and get ready to run to the trampoline, jump on it, then dive into the pool.

"David, watch!" I holler as I attempt my little stunt. When I come up for air, I notice that David is already making his way to the deep end of the pool.

"David, come back here!" I yell to him. He doesn't listen. He crawls right up on the trampolien and starts bouncing like a baby kangaroo.

"One, three . . .

"David!!" Knowing that David doesn't have much of a sense of balance. I pick him up off of the trampoline before he can fall or jump in.

David gets mad and waddles back to the baby pool as fast as his chubby legs can carry him.

He plays by himself for a while. I get onto a raft and decide to soak up some rays. I lay back and close my eyes. Before I know it I drift to the shallow end of the pool, and sure enough David is there trying to get from the edge of the pool to the raft without falling in.

"Tammi, Lemme!" David says.

"When is this day going to be over?" I think to myself.

I hop off the raft and put him on. He sits quietly on the silver raft as I push him the width of the pool, his blue eyes shining and blond hair sticking out everywhere. After a few laps he says "No

continued on next page

One, Three, Four, continued

more!"

"What do you want to do?" I ask.

"Slide!"

I take him off the raft and sit him on the edge of the slide, then push him up about two feet and let go. Slowly he comes towards me then falls off the slide into the water. I pull him up and he starts yelling "gain, gain!" **again.**

"No, not again. It's time for lunch!" I say.

"No! I da wanna!" he says.

"Yes! Let's go have some bologna!" I say as I walk into the house. Slowly, he follows.

I hand him a piece of bologna. He takes a few bites, then carries it around for a bit. Mandy, his dog, also takes a few bites.

Finally, it is time for him to take his nap.

"Time to go night, night!" I say.

"I da wanna!" he replies and runs away from me.

I catch him, pull him up the stairs into his room, and put him in his crib. He cries for a while, then finally falls asleep.

David's father comes home before David wakes up. "One, three, four" – I am out the door.

Julie Mason

Life-Saver

Life,
a Tic-Tac
small but full of flavor.
Assorted colors -
peppermint white,
mint green,
cinnamon red,
orange.
Enjoy the taste
as it melts by the minute
full of flavor -
then it's gone.

Patrica Milcoff

Don't Step on My Blue Suede Shoes

The last day of Christmas vacation was depressing. I sat on the wooden stool and stared out through the kitchen window at the snow - covered swingset in our backyard, dreading my return to classes. I turned on the radio, fiddled with the tuning dial, and began to hum along with Elvis Presley, who was belting out the order, ". . . don't step on my Blue Suede Shoes!" Perhaps it was the song, or maybe the swingset, but something clicked in my memory that took me back to my childhood, when I looked forward to going back to school -and when I had my own pair of

continued on next page

Robert Harris

Blue Suede Shoes, continued
blue suede shoes . . .

At the close of my first day of second grade, I quickly walked the half mile home from school, getting ahead of my friends in an excited rush to tell my mother about the day. I wasn't watching where I was going, but rather, I was looking at my feet. Not because I was shy or sad, but because on them were my new blue suede shoes. The shes were a light blue suede, slightly bald in some places from my vigorous brushings with the suede brush. They had bright red laces and red stitching across the toe. The soles had been bright red, too, but playing kick ball at recess had made them a dusty brown. I admired them and smiled to myself happily, remembering how my best friend, Wendy, had said she wished her shoes were as nice as mine. All day long, I had strutted around the classroom untying my shoes, then making a big production of tying them again in an attempt to win compliments from admiring friends. Looking up, I spotted one of one of my friends across the street. I yelled at her, "Wait for me!" (she hadn't seen my shoes yet), and started to run across the street, without looking to see if any cars were coming. Halfway across the street, my right shoe came untied and slipped off my foot. Turning sharply around, I began to run back to rescue it. As I looked up I saw a green car rumbling down the road towards my new blue suede shoe. I was not about to let that car run over half of my favorite pair of shoes, so I dashed out into the middle of the road, and in the manner of a traffic cop, I firmly put my small hand out before me, signaling the car to halt. Fortunately, it did. Picking up my shoe, I quickly crossed the street, motioned the car to go on, then sank onto the curb and hugged my shoe tightly to my pounding chest.

Jessica Ullery

My Equalizer

There it hung, a dark green, fat, polyester piece of material with a plastic "Y" with a clip at its thinner end. That tie, my first, initiated me into manhood. With it, I ranked with my father and older brothers. It became my equalizer; no longer was I a subordinate. I deserved respect now that this image of suaveness and adulthood rested upon my chest. Women stopped and gazed at me like a vision, and I would just reply with a cool, "That's right, Babe, this is my tie, and I know that it turns you on. I am the epitome of coolness."

Clipon though it may have been, this tie made me what I am today. But now it hangs, collecting dust in my closet behind my hand-me-downs, reminiscing about its days of glory.

Craig Tobias

Julie Marten

In Just

in Just – g i y j i n g
summer when f m l p c i s are super –
fun and zia Tony

into midair

u
o
y

s
w
o
r
h
t

and zia Angela comes
to pinch and squeeze your
squirrel cheeks and it's
summer

when the background is lightning bug glow

the petite
zia Tony

into midair

u
o
y

s
w
o
r
h
t

and rotund cousin Rita dances
the tarantella with papa

it's summer
and zia Tony c

a
r
c
h
e
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y
o
u

f
r
o
m

m
i
d
a
i
r.

Ilse Micali

Christopher Kerr

TWILIGHT ZOO

rod serling . . . rats and bats
seeping ultraviolet light . . .
bizarre unknown . . . eternal hibernation
bark at the moon . . . crimson radiation
morris the loris . . . moonage daydream

Autumn Farole

Twilight Zone

Santa Claus was my grandfather
But he couldn't distract
Annie Oakley
Long enough, so she shot me . . .
But I didn't die –
I lived –
Because I am immortal –
Like ketchup . . .
I can fly too –
But not when I need to –
I couldn't fly when Napoleon was
Chasing me
Since I was a spy . . .
I know the secret of the universe –
The meaning of life –
But it's a mystery . . .
And besides,
I forgot it when I woke up.

Deirdre Longo

Black Ride

Dark dreams wind, unwind
Screams whip through walls of silence
Pain drills, spasms stab.

Jennifer Wolber

Jim Beam and Jack Daniels, My Two Best Friends

Iar Wilkinson

When Dave got home, there was only one message on his answering machine. He pressed play and proceeded to start dinner.

The machine "beeped" and finally replayed the message. "This is Together Dating Service calling. We haven't found that 'special one' for you yet, but we're still trying. The real reason that we called is to remind you of your back payments that are due. The amount you owe us is ..." That was all the machine said before the rest of the tape was wound around the innards of the machine. It ended by shooting the tape across the room.

Scowling, Dave dropped the Stouffer's entree that he was making and ran to save the last of the tape. It was beyond all hope; the thin film was wrapped around the innards of the machine. Dave gave up and grabbed a beer from the refrigerator, throwing the frozen chicken souffle in the microwave oven with his free hand. Punching the ten minute mark on the timer, he headed toward the living room.

His mail was nothing but junk, and he quickly became bored with the six o'clock news. He grabbed another beer and decided to sit outside on the patio.

The grass needed to be mowed, and the pool was lacking chlorine, but the patio was quite nice. Dave lay back in a lounge chair to catch the last rays of the afternoon sun. He lay in a quiet semi-slumber, sprawling, spreading tanning oil on legs and chest. The timer beeped inside, but Dave only grabbed another beer and let the reheated dinner get cold inside the oven.

The sun finally went down, and Dave had gotten hungry by then. Too many beers on an empty stomach made him forget that he hadn't eaten in four hours. He showered, got dressed, and started calling friends to see if they wanted to go out to dinner.

"It's still cocktail hour, why don't we make an evening of it?" Dave asked many of his friends. Half an hour later, he had gone through the entire list of telephone numbers in his little black book.

He drove to Happy Al's Lounge alone. Sitting at the end of the bar, he fed himself on a steady stream of rum 'n' cokes and pretzels. He finally left when the bartender refused to serve him.

On his way out of the bar, Dave passed a sidewalk evangelist preaching about the evils of drink.

"Sir, do you know the dangers of too much alcohol?" the preacher asked.

"Go drown yourself with holy water, Father!" said Dave,

continued on next page

Paul Gaudio

Jim Beam and Jack Daniels, continued

bumping into a parking meter.

"Many drunkards are burning in hell. Do you care to join them?" questioned the preacher.

Dave had stumbled to his car by now and was attempting to put the key in the lock when he discovered that the door was unlocked.

"I'd love to go," Dave said, "but I was already there, and I don't like your mother's cooking!" At this, the preacher turned flaming red and stomped away, refusing to let his anger get the best of him.

Laughing, Dave climbed into his two-seated convertible, stuck the key in the ignition, and promptly stalled the engine.

"Damn clutch!" screamed Dave. He finally found reverse and headed home.He weaved to the left to avoid a dog; he weaved to the right to avoid an old man crossing the street, and eventually weaved into his little driveway, which Dave noticed needed to be repaired. He parked.

"Whosayslcan'tdrivedrunk?" slurred Dave, asking the question to the house since no one was around.

"I drive better when I'm drunk; I missed the old man, didn't I?" He checked his front bumper just to make sure. There was a broken headlight and a dent in the hood.

"But I couldn't have hit him -I missed him by a mile!" slurred Dave.

His mind began to work against him. When he got inside, he heard police sirens. He knew what the penalty for manslaughter was, and he had been driving drunk. They'd track him down by

continued on next page

Jim Beam and Jack Daniels, continued

the color of his car. The first thing that he did was to pull his little two-seater into the garage and pile all kinds of stuff on top of it. First came a tarp to hide the broken headlight, then tarpaper, then old clothes and camping equipment. The final touch was to lean some rakes against the side of the car.

He decided that the best thing to do was to hole up inside his house, wait until the old man was buried, then go back to work. Wait it out, go swimming, watch TV, go swimming.

"The house does need a little work. I'll call of work and tell them that I'm sick or something," thought Dave.He didn't sleep at all that night.

The next morning, Dave called in sick on an extended leave of absence. "Two weeks with pay sounds good," he had told his secretary. He turned on the radio, made himself a pitcher of screwdrivers and sat in the sun.He went to put more chlorine in the pool, only to discover that he didn't have any. The lawn mower was out of gas, too.

"And I can't drive anywhere; I piled all that stuff on top of the car. Oh well ..." thought Dave as he mixed another pitcher of screwdrivers.

And so he sat there, watching the grass grow, drinking screwdrivers, and reading the paper. The only place that he walked to was the liquor store, since the food store delivered.

So he sat there, fascinated by the green color the water in the pool has turned.Eventually, the grass got so long that he couldn't see the pool. He called off two weeks more from work. The paint began peeling off of the house. The gutters began to leak. Old newspapers began to pile in the corners.

Dave had stopped looking for news of the old man he had hit. Now the only thing he looked for was his shoes, to walk to the liquor store. He didn't notice the grass, two feet tall and nearly choked with weeks. He didn't notice the noxious odor that the pool emitted. He didn't notice the peeling paint.

The only thing that he saw were the ashtrays filled with cigarette butts and the corners of the house filled with unread newspapers.

K9 Esprit

There is a rabid dog in me ...eyes wild to kill ...hot foamy saliva dripping from mouth ...teeth ready to tear the flesh ...I keep the rabid dog because the wilderness gave it to me and will not let it go.

Christopher McClain

By the Bank Book

Hello, sir, can I help you? Oh, do
You want me to read this piece of
Paper? Well, let's see. It looks
Like you want me to hand over all
The money I have in my teller box.
I'm sorry, sir, but bank robbery is
A federal offense! It's also against
The law! What? You want me to keep
Reading? O.K., it says that you also
Have a gun. I'm afraid that using a
Gun to commit a crime will get you an
Additional five years in the slammer.
I don't care if you plan to use it on
Me! Rules are rules, and you just
Can't use a gun to withdraw money from
This bank. Listen, sir, we don't like
That kind of language in this place.
I don't care if you are in a hurry,
You just can't come in here waving a
Gun around and wanting to take some-
One else's money without proper
Authorization! I suggest that you
Take your business elsewhere! Thank
you, sir. Next please!

Susan Koster

Robert Harris

Nocturnal Native

Nighttime
is my playground
shadows
my mates.

Silence
surounds me
moonlight
bathes me.

I roam
a wolf
hungry for sanctuary.

Rebecca Smith

Food for the Common Beast

Only of high reputation –
or of course, good money
perhaps we should adjourn
to watch . . .

I am a soldier
  on weekends
    I travel to
lands
  which need destroying.

I am a veteran
  I caught my
    best friend's liver
  as it exploded in Fourth of July
    fireworks.
Lady Macbeth
  cannot compete
    on this spot.

I am dead
  you don't know me
    I don't care
I died in police action –
    – in peace-keeping –
– in defense of God –
      – King –
        – and country . . .

David Gelkler

Laryce Hill

My Private Battle
Christopher Wilson

I heard a scream, one that was loud and shrill and inhuman: it wa my own. Locked here in this dark dungeon that some call an asylum, I am completely alone. Alone with no one, no one but my friend to keep my company. Even he is not enough. Some friend he is. He comes and goes as he pleases, eating my food and abusing me with his verbal hatred. He is not really a friend but a bitter enemy who follows and torments me wherever I go, but still he is mine and mine only.

I had just regained consciousness from the sedatives and the orderlies must have given me when he came back to me.

"Please, leave me alone this time. Don't hurt me again -- why do you have to haunt me like this?" I pleaded with this man that I had never seen but knew the looks of just the same.

"Shut up, you little sniveling baby, came a voice that was hauntingly familiar. "Stop whining. You know that I am stronger than you and I am going to control you." Then his voice slowly faded away and he had complete control and forced me away.

When I became myself again, I was bruised all over and blood was streaming from my mouth and nose and oozing from the deep sockets of my eyes. But this always happens when he comes.

The orderlies once again came and gave me sedatives to calm me after he had left me. Why don't they come while he is here, when I really need help? They are just like him, they don't care about me. No one cares.

In the dark hole that was my cell, I licked the floor for the scant crumbs where the bread had been before he came, killing a few of the larger roaches that infested my cell. I gobbled them down and considered this a great feast.

Then as if gates had been raised, rats came spewing from the large cracks in the stone wall and circled around me. They began to march on me as if they were part of some great army.Big rats and little rats flashed their big bright teeth in defiance. Their eyes, red with thirst and hunger, danced almost happily at this most delicate and easy meal.I was sweating with fear, and the sweat dripped from my brown and clouded my eyes.

I screamed in horror and crawled to a corner and shut my eyes. When I opened them the rats were gone. But maybe they were never there. They were an illusion produced by him for his bitter fun.

He came and spoke again. "You see, my mind controls your mind and body. You have no chance now. Soon I will even corrupt

continued on next page

your soul." His angry voice broke into a hoarse laughter.

He was regaining control over me but this time I would not lose myself like those previous times. This time was for keeps, my final stand against him.

Desperate for something to fight against him with, I ran around my cell in a frenzy. In the center of the floor I slipped in a small puddle of water that had dripped from the ceiling. As I fell I realized the key to my mystery in the reflection of the water, and I screamed again. I got up knowing what to do. I tied a noose from my bed sheet and threw it over a pipe in the ceiling.

"No," he cried desperately pleading with my better side. But it was too late.

-- The cell was quiet.

Death Raids in the Night

The bloody sun of death rises in the East
While embraced, I am protected . . . and rest.
Our day of love -- a shared feast.
The fading sun, promising tomorrows,
Dims in the West.

Love -- stolen while we sleep,
Quivering full of bone-chilling fright,
All brightness beneath
The soft-packed earth of graves.
Gone, the beauty that enslaves
And death raids in the night,
Please, watch over my keep.

David Gilbert

E.S.P.

That mature exterior you flaunt so
Is the perfect camouflage --
You know --
For the child still hiding pitifully
Within.
Lost child
Who desires acceptance
Love --
Attention --
More than anything else
Are you sorry?
But --
Perhaps you do not comprehend
The fact
That I understand,
I perceive you
As you actually are
In those blue eyes,
Or --
Are they green?

Deirdre Longo

Horned Mouse

There is an owl in me and a new born mouse ...and the owl looks over the big city of my knowledge and ponders the crowded streets of my wisdom ...and the new born mouse curiously crawls through the countryside of my naive mind, and peeks and peers around the tall grass of what I long to learn -and I got the owl and the new born mouse from the wilderness.

Jennifer O'Neil

46

Rebecca Smith

The Choice

The musty smell radiating from the cold, damp, mossy ground and walls, which before this time I had not even noticed, now violently penetrates my nostrils. The gold statue stands in front of the passage, gleaming a taunting dare through the dark. I left it there for a reason, along with the many treasures with which I had reluctantly parted company. I knew that I must leave them at every corridor entrance of this maze so that I would not end up running circles trying to find the escape route. These treasures that I stole from the church above this maze are worth a fortune, but I could not afford to lose my way.

Now I face this golden statue of Saint Mary, remembering its purpose. I set there to remind me what the darkness hides. Some gargantual creature lurks with steaming breath. But after trying every hall, I know it is the only escape. So instead of retreating and being sentenced to death, I will venture into the tunnel.

Every step I take, I can feel a hot humid breath of gas over my sweat-drenched body. The walls tremble from footsteps greater than mine. Farther and farther I travel towards the unknown foe. My heart beats faster and faster as the hot breath scorches the hairs of my arm carrying the sword. Between intervals of breaths, the cold from the walls runs chills through my body.

What is that that causes me to stumbel? A rock? No, not a rock, but a skull, a human skull. Oh no, the noise alerted the creature of my presence. I can hear the monster lumbering closer and closer toward me. Each step vibrates the walls of the corridors, standing my hair on end. My heart beats at maximum level. I wish I knew my foe, for it seems that a mundane sword will be no match for what I feel to be a gigantic creature.

It is a long corridor, almost never ending, and with every step I take I know I am getting closer to the fire. I continue to feel my way along so I don't run into any more walls. My head bleeds from my former haste. No, it can't be a dead end with no monster. I find a new corridor and feel another great breath of stenchy heat and fire. I can turn back now, retracing my steps towards the statue I left behind, or move ahead towards this unknown fiend.

Jay Roberts

Black Sheep

Death,
a black panther,
powerful jaws,
steel grip.

Death,
a lamb,
a white wool cushion
softening pain.

Kenneth Omecinski

Cerebral Voyage

Gypsy thoughts wander through my head . . .
As the roach is drawn to the fire
Cotton-mouthed screams of ecstacy
Resound deep within me
And I float toward the sun.

Denise Hallstein

Silent Treatment

unspoken words
like milk
forgotten behind the dill pickles
in the refrigerator

one day rediscovered
brought forth
thick, sour and reeking
spilt
on the blue kitchen linoleum.

Autumn Farole

Sunglasses

"Why do you wear sunglasses in the middle of February?" Usually I make a list of excuses, "I like them," "I strained my eyes." But truthfully those thick ebony rimmed, purple-rose tinted shades with a screw missing and a nail replacing it, are an intricate part of my person. They observe everything I see and do.

Mentally I make these Janteen shades into my personal "grammatical fiction." Defined, "grammatical fiction" means, as stated by Arthur Koestler in his novel **Darkness at Noon**, the plural "I". The plural "I" has been hidden from the common people and students by the hierarchy of the English language; by teachers and professors, because of their love for traditional literature styles as the dramatic monologue and the soliloquy. The monologue does not exist, there only exist dialogues between yourself and the plural "I" enigma who refuses to be put within the confines of time and space.

I first met this unique life form after tracing my paranoia problems to a logical conclusion. It seems "grammatical fiction" begins where thinking to a conclusion ends. Since my discovery of this hidden, secret, silent partner who includes everyone's most private thought and can only be described as a trace smell not unlike that of brimstone, I have accepted it by manifesting it in the form of constantly worn sunglasses. In this way I allow myself a feeling of control over the plural "I". "I" shares my life, with my conscious approval, and because of willingness to share, he will let me remove its manifested presence and have truly private thoughts.

However, I prefer to wear my Enoch because when the sunglasses glare at me, the thousand little nicks and scratches from being kicked and dropped scare me. The tarnished silver-grey plate with the J in the middle wants to stab out and draw life from me. The worst action "I" takes happens right now when I am thinking of or exposing the grammatical fiction.

The tops of the rims crinkle
Towards the center.
The lenses which do not fit
Quite Right
Stare, like an angry father.
I cannot seem to
Remove my eyes
From them.
I ... need to
Put the glasses ...
Back on ... over me.

David Gilbert

STUDENT ZOO

soccer jocks . . . bowie pins . . .
grapevine gossip . . . 2:00 a.m. essays . . .
motley zombies . . . snarling teachers . . .
senioritis . . . prospective prom dates . . .
lunchtime pop - tarts . . . bogus excuses

Pecking Order

Sophomores
skunks
who get
picked on
teased
cast out

until they
become seniors,
weasels
who tease
new skunks.

Joan Tehols

Please Don't Feed ...the Teachers

Feed them what they want.
What a rare breed!
Notice all their shapes and sizes,
All the different tastes.
They range from preppy conservatives
To modified liberals.
Keep them happy, play on their
Sympathy.
Struggle through their different
Personalities,
Earn the grade.

Diane Montanile

A Day in the Life

Please rise for a few moments
Of silent meditation - I pledge
Allegiance to the flag ... if a
Force of two hundred newtons
Is applied at the center of
Gravity and the coefficient of
Sliding friction equals point
Four oh oh, calculate the
Meaning of the verb "dormir."
Si, es verdad. Dormir significa
"To sleep" ... through this class,
I hope to adequately prepare you
For the final history exam in May
I please run upstairs to my
Locker? I need some different
Books ... to read and to write are
Two of the most important skills
That you will ever use, and I
Hope that I can help you to develop
Your minds ... and athletical ability
Is only one of the criteria for
Passing this course - active
Participation counts for much
More ... than the square root of
One hundred sixty-nine equals
Thirteen. To calculate the cube
Root of one-sixty-nine, just
Excuse the interruption:
CLASS DISMISSED!!!

Amy Maczuzak

Christopher Kerr

Hair Tales

Staring eyes,
Longing looks,
Wondering gazes,
I suspect it's my fuschia tail.

Met with acceptance and contempt.
No one daring to be different
In a world full of clones,

I see a glint in your eye,
Shock,
Amusement,
Perhaps empathy.
All the result of a fuschia tail.

Michele Petrucci

Marksmanship

Writing:
A war
Mind vs. pen

New thoughts
Camouflage
The regimented brain
On open ideas.

Each stroke of pen
Under men's surveillance
Fighting for the right
word;
Conquest of Assignment

Kathleen Hazelbach

Bubble Yum

Friendship -
Like gum
Blowing up,
Bursting in an instant
Flavor dulls as time passes
Slowly becoming hard
At last spit out
Except
For those that stick.

Elizabeth Helsner

More Than a Coach

by Raymond Shepherd

The man I was supposed to be marking traps the ball, turns me around, and speeds by me as if he were a gazelle and I were a three-toed sloth. At that moment I hear Coach's commanding voice directed at me: "Give support back!" Hustling back, I tackle my opponent from the side when I overtake him. Blowing his whistle the second I rise in adulation from a clean tackle, the omnipotent little man dressed in black and white crushes my brief contentment. Looking over to the sidelines, I see Coach's face downcast, his head shaking back and forth in dismay, as I argue with the obviously mistaken ref, using an arsenal of obscenities and ridiculing cliches.

The annoying whistle blows again and an exhilerated sub bounds onto the pitch. Coach's obvious disappointment with me, more because of my contention with the ref than with my mental lapse which cost me a goal, shows as he talks to me.

"Raymond, you know better than that. Twenty-four is quick so you have to mark him tighter. Don't lose your head out there either. That's just what they want. Sit down and take a breather," coach lectures.

As the game progresses, Coach passes in front of me while he paces the sidelines as expectantly as a father in a maternity ward. Dressed in his usual, worn and tattered navy blue Adidas sweatsuit and abused and holy Sambas, he barks out instructions and occasionally compliments. His balding head still carries remnants of its hazel-brown locks, which used to dominate his head, but now only accent his chiseled facial expressions.

The half ends and we gather round him to hear his analysis of our performances and listen to how we can better them. Usually without criticizing his players, he tells them what we are doing wrong: "You've got to cross that ball immediately and give support quickly," Coach advises.

After he quickly reviews the line-up, I race back onto the field, my energy and spirit renewed. I am ready for my foe now. Sprinting to the open space, I beat my man to the ball and clear it down the field. A forward takes the bouncing ball, controls it,

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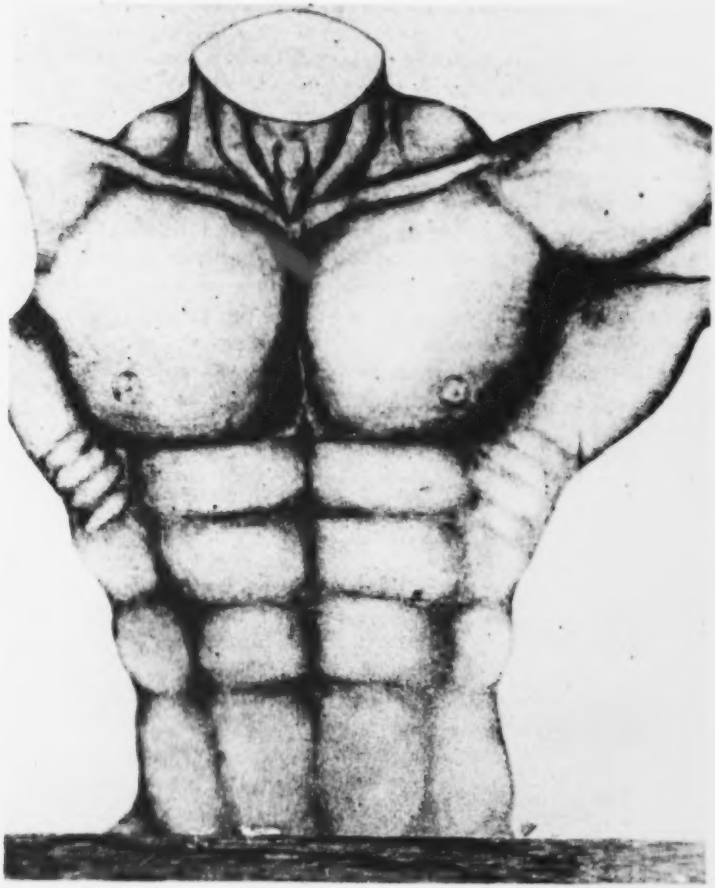


Robert Weston

More Than a Couch, continued

dribbles past their stunned defense and puts it by a diving goalkeeper. A quick glance at the sidelines reveals a team on its feet, shouting in jubilation, and a coach futilely trying to calm his men and talk some sense into the players on the field. The rest of the game we shut down most of their offense, holding them to only two ravaging goals.

The game ends and I trudge off the field depressed and dejected. My body aches as I lumber in defeat like a steer going to the slaughter house. When I reach the sidelines, I look up and see coach standing straight and tall like an oak tree.

My eyes meet his. He says not a word, but puts his arm around me and pats me on the back. From that moment on everything is all right. I played my best and coach knows that. He also knows that there will be another game and another season in which to shine.

12:03 AM.

Parents:
volcanoes
approached with
reluctance;
Mt. St. Helen's
calm and peaceful
until they erupt
after midnight.

Leslie Gaydos

Trademarks of 1984

Orwell's Big Brother haunts us,
Jokes of predicitons that never come true,
Or did they?
"Freedom is Slavery, War is Peace,
Ignorance is Strength"
Screens that don't exist in every room.
Are we watched? Are we not watched?

Cabbage Patch Kids - we choose them
Pay extraordinary prices for them. Rag Dolls.
Unique? Collector's Items? **Really?**
The Cabbage Patch Stork will deliver
Not the kids, possibly death certificates.

QV football, basketball, track
We prove we are "for real"
Even the papers admit it now
Our boys are constantly having to prove themselves
For whom? To whom?

Class of Nineteen Eighty-Four
"It just doesn't matter"
Soon to be gone from the halls of Quaker Valley
To be memories, to be records,
And to be numbers.

Diane Montanile

Autumn Farole

Morning Shower

Alarm clock shrilling
Darkness forbidding
Rising from depths
of cushiony quilts.
Necessity defeating
Darkness.
Mechanically moving
across spongy shag
carpet
Onto icy tiles.
Thundering cascade
Rushing fluid
Leisurely changing
Temperature.
Halfconsciously descending
into boiling kettle -
AWAKE!!!

Amy Maczuzak

Doublestuff

Myself, my family, my generation were born in a world of eating; a world of fast food and necessary rushing, of backs bent over the microwave, hands tossing in T.V. dinners, of waiting in express lines and two-for-one sales; of supermarkets like sleepless giants in the night and the short car journey between them; of elegant restaurants, bursting with taste and calories, innocent of burgers or Spam, through which people pass frequently, and the waiters are the slowest things moving.

Lindsey Strong

62

Sacked by a Chem. Test

A.P. Chemistry Test:
losing football game
grueling, sweating,
silent swearing.

Molecular Orbital?
Forgot that play.
New game plan:
struggle for a few points,
throw an oblique pass,
maybe it will be caught.

Long hours,
pregame preparation.
Brain strain,
total drain.
Left in twilight zone.

Charles Lawhead

My Life as a Laboratory Rat

Just another ordinary day ...
Again in this confining cage.
Oh sure,
I get adequate food and water.
A few peanuts if I'm lucky.
I know, I know,
This is how we rats are to be
kept.
But if you were me, God,
Would you want to be
Such a small, delicate being
At the sheer mercy of
This heinous human race?

Wendy Strauch

Lasagnatheme

I layer
mylasagna
theme:

Structure my noodles
mix parmesan cheese
cover with scarlet sauce.

Roast at 475 degrees Fahrenheit
for 90 minutes
falling flat.

Heat at 200 degrees Fahrenheit
for 20 minutes:
never expanding.

Bake at 375 degrees Fahrenheit
for 60 minutes
perfecting layered thoughts.

Kathleen Hazelbach

64

Ticonderoga

Shortening the nub,
the sharpener grinds away
until it makes no point at all.

Teeth marks,
dull erasers,
yellow number 2:
life may be colorful,
lead filled,
or have no point.

Jeffory Kerwath

Time Out

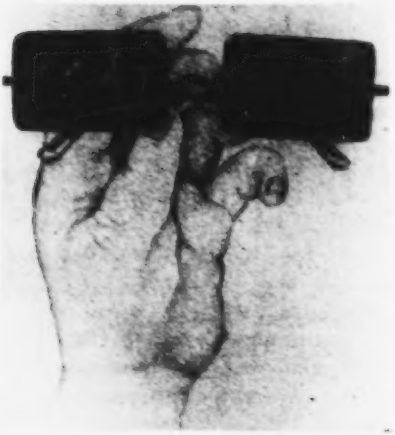
Life, a soccer game
in which
you may shine
from whistle to horn.

Go for a goal
Block an opponent
Blood, Sweat, and Tears.

Trap, pass, turn
Mark your man tightly
And You're called for a penalty.

Follow the flow -
game and day
done.

Raymond Shepherd



Rebecca Smith

Zephyr

Her presence brought memories of Queen Anne's lace, Saphirres, and late afternoon study sessions; her moods recalled swinging pendulums and "Total Eclipse of the Heart"; her motions, the gust and unpredictable direction of a predicting wind; her voice, the oboe.

Amy Maczuzak

Behind the Podium in Cell 102

The cold clammy hands involuntarily sweep through my bangs and top of my hair. Sean Hamill presses the button on his watch, that annoying beeping sound which reminds me of the waking sound of my electric alarm at 6:00 A.M. From that point on it's the longest five minutes in the world. Marc Happe stares at me with his vacant blue eyes. Beth Minkler yawns in the corner - is she bored? Melissa Beuc grins at me to give slight reassurance. Miss Stevens, masked behind her glasses, continuously marks my rating paper with the worst look of all . . . none. And then there is Sean, glancing at his watch, keeping my time. The cold clammy hands involuntarily jam into my jeans pockets, a smile seeking applause covers my pale face, the audience responds, Sean presses the button, "Miss Stevens, may I go to the bathroom?"

Shannon McQuone

Wonderland

Myself, my family, my generation, were born in a world of status; a world of designer labels and flashy symbols of one's wealth, of pressures to act the richest, wearing the most stylish clothes, of competing with preppy peers; of towns like small yachts on an isolated sea and the short flying time between them; of picturesque houses, white picket fences and perfect lawns, isolated from the rowdy and radical, owned by busy businessmen in three-piece suits, who work daily, nine to five, and their Porsches are the fastest things moving.

Susan Hazlett

Rebecca Smith

Eye of the Tiger

Scene I: Fourth Period - First Quarter

I wish Mr. I would come back! But that's not 'til January - two more months! Can you hang? I'm not so sure I can. Bruce is certainly right when he says, "I'm not Mr. I." Geez, we still have 45 minutes and 23 seconds of this stupid class left. I am **so** tired of playing this B flat concert scale that it's not **even** funny! Maybe he can't direct anything but scales since Mary directs everything else. Did you see that spitball? Hey! That was close! Watch it, you dumb sophomores. They talk **so** much! I swear they never shut up! Do you believe it when Weissert says to throw things in history class, but not in here? Could you see Mr. Russell freaking out in economics? **Shut up**, trumpets! You're welcome, Mr. Weissert, sir. Sir, what a joke. Did you ever notice that he repeats everything ten zillion times? We should count how many times he yells, "Quiet!" What's Paul doing with that vacuum cleaner? Sweeping up confetti from the game? This room is a pig's sty! If Mr. I came back now, he'd have a heart attack for sure! What's that noise? It sounds like a dying cow. Oh, it's just someone screaming, "B R U U U U U C E!" When's Mr. I coming back? January!!?!!

Scene II: Fourth Period - Second Quarter

I wish Mr. Weissert would come back! I guess he's left us for good. He's all the way in North Carolina now. Mr. Mansfield **cannot** direct "Hallelujah Chorus." He always goofs up on the downbeat. And his B flat scales are dumb **whole** notes, not half notes like Mr. Weissert's. I swear that half the class spends fourth period in that backroom. If Mr. I were here, he'd put a stop to **that**! Or even Mr. Weissert, for that matter. I hope that things work out for him, but I wish he would have been here for this stupid Christmas Concert. We only have six songs! Chorus always sings at least fifty! Talk about **unfair**! Band always gets short-changed. Especially seniors. First, no Mr. I, then no Mr. Weissert. And now, Mr. Mansfield! I feel like an orphan. Maybe Mr. Weissert will come back and visit us. I hope so. But if Mr. I doesn't come back by January, I swear I'll quit band. This situation is **totally** out of control. Spitballs, rubberbands, this room is a mess! Mr. I, Mr. Weissert, where are you???!!??

Diane Montanile

A Mile Above the Rim

Daniel Cortese

"Where you been, Squirrel?"

"Detention and Aliquippa," is his reply which explains his frequent tardiness. Squirrel tosses his black and white Quaker Valley gymbag near his seat in the Varsity Room, then cautiously takes off his brown leather coat and hangs it above his bag. Squirrel purposely leaves on a Quaker Valley painter's hat, its beak just above his right eye.

In an arrogant, but very smooth tone, he pronounces, "'Sup, Dan?"

"Nuttin' much, Squirrel. Why?'

My answer and question receive no reply. Before sitting down he turns his box to W.A.M.O., the volume full blast. He boldly sings "Hard Times," as he moonwalks back to his seat. Removing his hat, he reveals a close cropped, round brown head. "Dan, did you bring your tape?" I respond by giving it to him. Placing it in the recorder, he again begins to dance, then stops, laughs, and takes his slim, six foot one athletically renowned frame back to his seat.

I began listening to Pit's girl problems. He couldn't decide between two of them. Squirrel enters the conversation exclaiming, "Don't be stupid, Jule. Mess wit' em both!" I laugh again, but he continues, "Tell him, Dan, tell him. Jule, I'm serious. Ask him!"

The conversation ends in laughter, as Squirrel struts away kicking his left leg out every other step. He displays a walk he's perfected better than a pimp's on Liberty Avenue. When Coach Woznicki enters the Varsity Room, Squirrel drops his bold, cocky shell, and it breaks. It's time for reality and basketball, Willie Jordan style. He gets himself and the rest of the team pumped up by repeatedly jawing, "Let's do it, guys!" and slapping everyone five. He approaches me, smiles, and says, "Daan!"

The game begins. As I sit on the bench, I humbly admire Squirrel's God-given talents. To the fan's pleasure, Willie gets a breakaway **slam dunk.** He turns, points at the sky, like a statue of a great war hero. He grins in undistracted satisfaction.

Dance Attendance to that Breakfast Plate

Dance attendance to that breakfast plate,
Propel the legs, tend each hungry face;
Hot eggs taste better than those served late.

Hard boiled customers tolerate
A dainty waitress with a swift pace.
Dance attendance to that breakfast plate.

Sunny side up smile will captivate,
Pleasant voice simulates good grace,
Hot eggs taste better than those served late.

Eggs overlight waitress often demonstrate;
Defenders of Tom's Family Tree commonplace,
Dance attendance to that breakfast plate.

Scrambled order, always kept straight;
Checks written sloppily, a disgrace,
Hot eggs taste better than those served late.

Though patrons often humiliate,
They always come back to the same place,
Dance attendance to that breakfast plate.
Hot eggs taste better than those served late.

Kathleen Hazelbach

Peppermint Patty

Her presence brought memories of cinnamon winters, tigereye glances, and hand-holding rainy afternoons; her moods recalled the climactic finish of a 64-mile bike ride, and the lyrical "Open Arms" by Journey; her motions, the sporadic quickness of a cotton-tailed rabbit; her voice, the changing octaves of the piano.

Amy Hinds

A Rude Awakening

The rushing halo of soft, warm water is cut short by a turn of the wrist. Straggling drops bounce off the drain. With a clumsy motion, I sweep away the constricting curtain and take a hard step onto the frigid tile. I reach for a dry, comforting towel, but no, it is used, smelly, damp. After I bustle to my room, I put on an array of clothes but find the final complement of a matching sock missing. In vain, I search. Finally, I put on one that gives my legs alternating navy and red stripes.

After conforming my hair to an acceptable shape, I pick up two tiny plastic discs which miraculously cause vague shapes to form into objects. Suddenly, a sharp pain reveals the hostility one of my tired eyes feels for its foreign object. I dull the discomfort slightly by adjusting the lens with a prod from my finger. The appropriate sock still eludes my sight and out of the corner of my eye I discover an incomplete algebra assignment. With a discouraging sigh, I pick up my bookbag, filled with potential knowledge and anxiety, and stumble down the stairs.

My thoughts of breakfast are dashed as I glance at the clock: 7:15. After I assembly my gear for braving the outdoors, I spring upstairs to gather my forgotten shoes.

Thin parka on, I open the door and step outside. My breath is cut short by the biting wind and all traces of sleepiness blasted from my head, I trudge forward through the snowy woods.

Half-way to the bus stop, I encounter a shallow feeling. A swift hand to the pocket reveals my lunch money is resting comfortably on my dresser. The glowing yellow lights approaching me rid the notion of turning back, no 3-D sandwich today!

Wesley Horne

in Just softball

in just --
softball

when the field is fleaheaven
the short italian coach

shouts
"Runalap"

and janeandsue run
from infield and outfield
practice and it's
softball

when the offense is pop-up
plentiful
the padded ump

screams
"strikethreeee"

and the defense overthrows
first base while the opposing
team scores its tenth run
and its
softball

and the overenthused ump
yells
"youuuurout"

Rebecca Kobasa

JUNGLE

hostile natives . . . tropical rainforest
hungry quicksand . . . ivory tusk . . .
mosquitoes . . . innate camouflage . . . venus
fly trap . . . strangling vines . . . stalking
panthers . . . head hunters . . . savage moon

Constant Rattle of Broken Dishes on the Tile Floor

Constant rattle of broken dishes on the tile floor,
The starched waitress waiting for the end of day,
Serving, serving till sore feet dash to the door.

French onion men with a constant roar,
The waitress must avoid their way,
Constant rattle of broken dishes on the tile floor.

Clam chowder men who are thick to pour,
Bring about a new challenge in every way,
Serving, serving till sore feet dash to the door.

Gazpacho men whom waitresses adore,
Because their words are as bright as day,
Constant rattle of broken dishes on the tile floor.

Vichyssoise men who always want more,
In spite of all their friends could say,
Serving, serving till sore feet dash to the door.

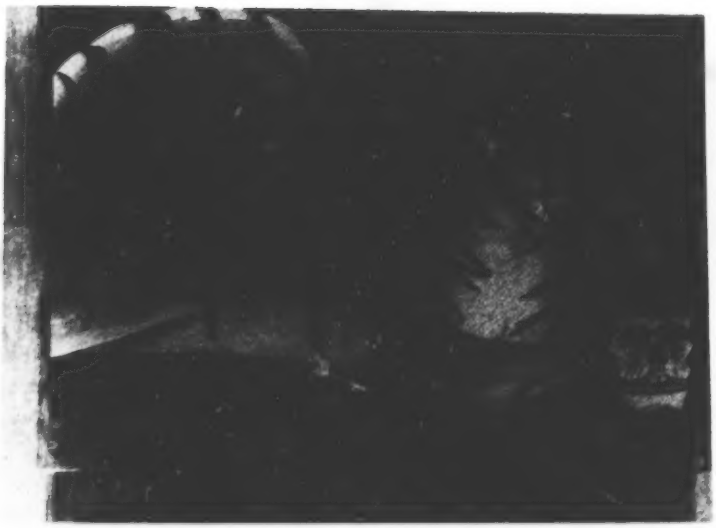
And so a waitress must always be able to explore
The many soups of men that come with pay.
Constant rattle of broken dishes on the tile floor,
Serving, serving till sore feet dash to the door.

Lisa Frisch

It's a Jungle Out There

my proper striped
business suit
and very regal
manner
make me an untamed
executive
(we are nearly extinct)
now I'm caged
in this dead-end
job

Autumn Farole



C. Ramsey Longaker

Natural Art

Twisted vines, hugging
the nearest tree,
Clumps of naturally woven honeysuckle
wrestling its neighbor,
Random vee's,
patterned approach,
Discarded roses, once vibrant and rich,
brittle, drying,
Sprigs of dormant willow planted
in hope of rooting.

Renee Johns

The Dream

I lie alone, day and night, inside
Clouded glass or rusty bars
Keep the intruders -- whining babies,
Cotton - candy - sticky fingered kids,
And so-called animal lovers --
Out.
I don't need you
tautning, teasing, throwing me
scraps of yesterday's over-salted
Popcorn.
I long for my native land
Of lush greens, endless sunsets.
That dream keeps me alive, surviving . . .
That I may some day return.

Denise Hallstein

Emulation of Carl Sandburg's "Wilderness"

There is a mouse in me . . . tiny feet poised for quick escape . . . long whiskers to guide in forays of the night . . . and for the fearful twitch of death - I keep this mouse because the wilderness gave it to me and the wilderness will not let it go.

There is a cat in me . . . a lithe, stealthy cat . . . I listen and watch . . .I espy my prey out of the spectrum of my world . . .I stalk beneath the concelament of the azaleas and pounce on the wood mice and chew them and carry them home . . . I dart and crouch and slink.

There is a porcupine in me . . . quills and more quills . . . machinery for sheltering isolating . . . a machinery for ambling undisturbed in the forest - I got this too from the wilderness, and the wilderness will not let it go.

There is a turtle in me . . .I know I lived under a safe hard shell . . .I plodded along at my own pace . . . I shared my world with the kind and trusted . . .before the Industrialization was . . .before pollution wafted in . . . before Civilization . . . before the first men.

There is a chimpanzee in me . . . dextrous-fingered . . . kind-faced . . . showing teeth in surprised grin . . . long hairy arms . . . here are the hawk-eyed hankering men . . . here they hide curled asleep waiting . . . ready to think and reason . . . ready to speak and bear young . . . waiting - I keep the chimpanzee because the wilderness says so.

There is a dolphin in me and a butterfly . . . and the dolphin glides in the Pacific currents of my dreams and leaps among the crystal Mediterranean waters of my aspirations . . . and the butterfly, floats in the warm brilliance before the sun is gone, gloats in the blooms of my Elysians of fancies, flutters about the forests of my expectations - and I got the dolphin and the butterfly from the wilderness.

Ellen Dessloch

Robert Weston

Red Balloons

I saw the figure 9
on a silver fighter jet
soaring
intimidating -
mortar fire
wounded whimpering
engines roaring
over Beirut.

Stephen Vescio

Before Genesis

There is an orangutan in me . . .I know I came from deep in the jungle . . . I climbed the branches to find food . . . I swung from tree to tree with other primates . . . before cities . . . before people who walked on hing legs . . . before cavemen . . . before the first chapter of Genesis.

There is a cheetah in me and a cat . . .and the cheetah stalks the grasslands of my dreams and sprints along the plains and tries to capture what I want . . . and the cat stalks the livingroom before the sun is fully up, stalking the dining room and den in hope, and pounces on the wall of wishes trying to reach the top - and I got the cheetah and the cat from the wilderness.

David Henry

A 80

A Humane Proposal

It is a melancholy object to those who walk along the Gulf Coast to see the hordes of Cuban boat people making their way into the sacred American shores. This influx of destitute, unskilled masses just increases the unemployment figures now present in our great America. It is due to these illegal aliens that the number of those out of work has climbed so high, throwing a shadow on the otherwise clean slate of the United States.

These parties not only bring themselves but also various Caribbean diseases, equally unwanted, wreaking havoc with the average North American's immune system. Spreading uncleanliness and vices, the Cubans contribute nothing productive to our society.

In fact, the Cubans appear intent on rebuilding their own culture by forming a microcosm of Cuba in the United States. They all live in a designated area and go only to those social functions sponsored by their own kind. By refusing to learn English, the illegal Cubans have turned those cities resting on the shores of the Gulf Coast into predominantly Spanish speaking areas. This disintegration of the ideal American town brings outrage and disgust to every patriotic heart.

The uncivilized Cubans also affect our young impressionable children. Some of the younger generation not only accept these Cubans who have won illegal entry but even try to befriend them. This familiarity could lead to such repugnant things as inter-racial marriages and desegregated schools. Every man and woman loyal to America would hate to have a grandchild of mixed descent, especially with the pure bloodlines existing in America.

Some reasonable measure must be taken to stop the flow of burdensome Cubans entering the country. The method of trying to stop them by giving them warnings to turn around and go back, has brought no positive results. Incorporating them into our society, the social workers have found the Cubans not only unwilling but often hostile to the proposition of becoming an American citizen.

Therefore, in an attempt to resolve this situation in a manner acceptable to the American public, I humbly suggest that we employ the method used by Russia when dealing with invaders. A powerful blast of an underwater torpedo ripping a hole in the bottom of the Cuban's so-called boat will not only end his

continued on next page

Humane Proposal, continued

progress toward shore but also drown him, a euphoric death.

These torpedos will be situated at various points from the shore but always at such a distance that there is no chance of survivors. These underwater sentinals will be manned 24 hours a day so that there is no possibility of even one boat wending its way through. The network of radar and ultra-frequency sensitive equipment will accurately position a torpedo to annihilate any boat crossing its path. Once the boat has been identified on telescreens as one carrying the hated Cubans, then the torpedo will be fired and the existence of such unnecessary human litter destroyed.

The wreckage will be swallowed up by the waters and no permanent destruction done to the surroundings. Some other countries may argue that America does not have the right to use such weaponry in international waters. This argument, however seriously considered, may be ignored because the United States can overrule such trivial facts in order to keep its shores safe for democracy. The advantages to such a plan are numerous and sensible.

Firstly, this procedure will produce a new market for weaponry and subsequently increase the demand in various American ammunition works.

Secondly, the requirements of constant vigilance creates a

continued on next page

Christopher Kerr

A Humane Proposal, continued

new field for workers, therefore lowering the unemployment figures. This not only has a material effect but also a spiritual one for the whole of America, pride.

Thirdly, the children now can freely choose who they want to marry since their parents no longer will dictate who they can associate with. It will also keep the races pure so that American blood won't be contaminated with foreign extraction.

Lastly, the removal of these aliens in an aqueous surrounding will leave no trace of wreckage. The wreckage which does remain, however, will quickly decompose in the salt water.

I repectfully present this solution in an attempt to keep America clean for Americans. I myself will gain nothing from this suggestion because I live in the Midwest - Omaha, Nebraska - a great distance from the coast in an area predominantly populated by those of German descent. Therefore, with a mind not biased by any prejudices or self-serving purposes, I relate a modified approach which will sufficiently solve the most pressing problem of the Cubans destroying the American dream.

Martha Rodgers

Bogieman

My closet,
a forest
filled with
hiding monsters
who live in shirts
and empty shoe boxes.

These inhabitants
scatter games,
toys, magazines.

When I clean up
their mess,
they return
in a day
or two.

Brett Yasko

Renee Johns

Pittside-out

Downtown Side
Neon heart pulsing -- 25 cent Flicks
Black pimp tilting white hat
Hooker flaunting mink coat --
Stars of Liberty Avenue

Penn Side
Braided beads trailing halos of red
White T-shirts, camouflage pants
Keeping watch o'er the Stanley --
Guardian Angels

North Side
Bum reaching into garbage bin
Eating abandoned Big Mac
Sipping Thunderbird
Brown paper bag

Shadyside
Fireflies dancing in Christmas windows
H.O. railroad trains zooming
Round glass-eyed china dolls
Pappagallo's showcase.

Lisa Mahle

Three - toed Perissodactyl

Deep cut wrinkles crisscross the hills of
Ironclad hide
Thick, threetoed stumps uphold
The bulk
Heavy lids rest above
Small, dull eyes and
The doublehorned head weighted low in
Boredom
Only the ears spurred to flick off flies
Rhino.

Ellen Dessloch

Ellen Dessloch

Black Leopard

My instincts return me to far continents
My muscles ripple with inner energy
My eyes are diamondly designed to seek prey
My nostrils flare as tenuous scents flow before me
My paws rake the ground in aerodynamic traction
My mouth waters for fresh meat of a clean kill
My anger will allow me to kill friend or foe
My night senses are tuned and fine
My destiny has left me behind cold iron bars
My wind runner body – caged
You have no right
You have no feelings
You awkward, foolish, righteous outsiders
I will win in spirit, if not in body
I am the leopard

David Geikler

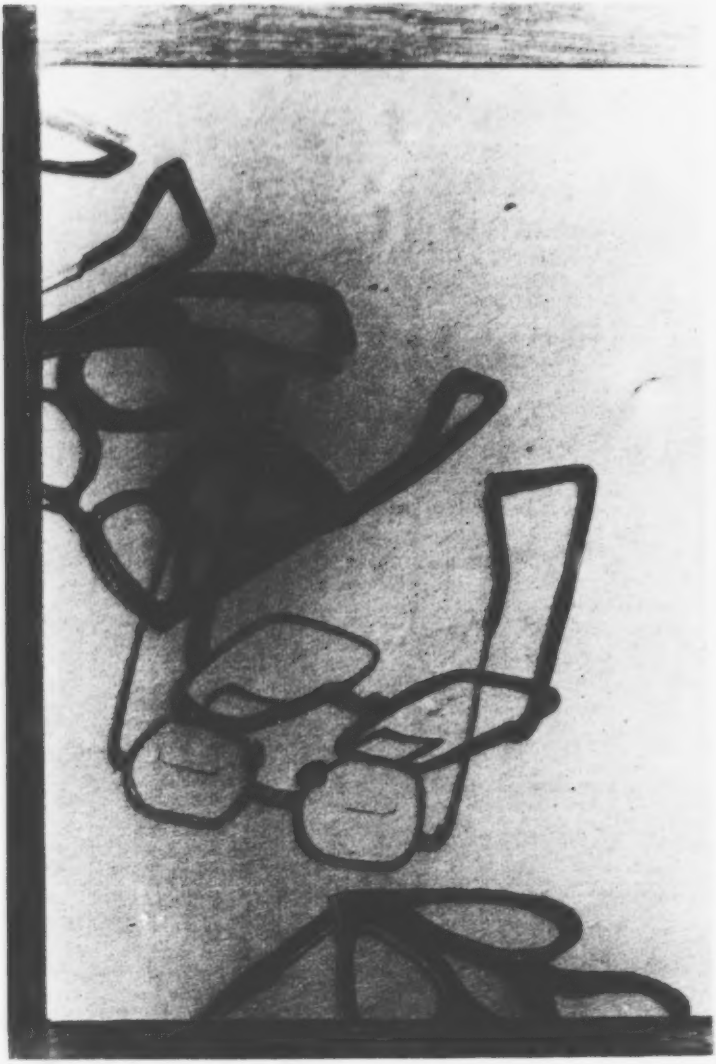
Schizophrenia

There is a python and an earthworm in me . . . the mighty python glides through the jungle of my achievements, rolls over the crests of what I am proud of . . . the earthworm slithers under the crust of my sins and burrows through the mountains of my regrets, surfacing only in the rain -- and I get the python and the earthworm from the wilderness.

Robert Patterson

AQUA ZOO

turquoise water . . . giant clams . . .
electric eels . . . tuna fish-with
mayo . . . cobalt waterfalls . . .
quicksilver pearls . . . swirling
anemone . . . pink coral reef . . .
proper penguin



Anne Mason

Punishment

Like Sisyphus I
find happiness
in competing!
Challenges
more strenuous
day-in, day-out,
the drenching pain
of a physical
rainstorm.
It is odd -
this rock was . . .
here yesterday?!

Paul Campbell

Sara Lee

Life
a piece of cake,
either plain
or frosted.

Made to order --
confection sugar roses,
or burnt
and tossed
into the disposal.

Each slice removed,
closer to the end.

Andrea Guiffre

The Scarlet Letter

The final returns
Expectations of an A
As shuffling papers near his desk
He confidently reaches for the paper
Where the scarlet letter stares at him
His fleshy cheeks rapidly match the crimson hue

His classmates receive blue inked A's
Their pearled teeth shine as they dream of graduation
His face nervously twitches
As he holds a vibrant red F
His brain begins to plot revenge

Chills run through his body
Irrational thinking worthy of Mephistopheles
He erupts, confessing his dim thoughts of a scaffold
His conscience is cleared
But the scar remains.

Karen Logsdon

The Waking

Wedding,
funeral in disguise,
crowd gathered
to witness

the death of one life,
the birth of another.

For better,
for worse,
the two can never return
to the way they were.

Karen Aigner

A Sacrifice for Justice

The wrinkled face of an aged Madonna
  stares back into the unflinching eyes
of vindictive judges
  ready to condemn their saintly scapegoat.

A nurse to the morally sick shall die
  and a servant of God will perish
Under the dull thud of
  a judge's mallet.

The weather-beaten figurehead
  on a sinking ship
Her proud head will no longer
  break the waves of her society's turmoil.

Justice sheds a salty tear
  while order and wisdom
Are hanged
  for their mercy.

Jessica Ullery

A Bum?

He sits
Staring off at the river
As the sun sets
And the cars roar
Across the bridge overhead

Just sitting -
Thinking about what?
About whom?

His clothes are old
And torn and dirty
His face is wrinkled
And unshaven

Adults
Just laugh at him
Ignore
His hearty "hellos"
As they pass by
On the street

But the chidlren
Encircle him
Mesmerized
By his tales
Of the "good-old-days"
And his long-ago stories
About the trains
He once conducted

The children
Watch the life come
To his eyes
And the toothless smile
That spreads across his face
Each time he remembers
His younger days

But as day becomes dusk
And the children
Return to their homes,
His smile fades
He walks along the tracks
Remembering life,
The way it used to be
When he was so important

Wiping a tear
from his cheek,
He turns
And returns to his "home"

There he just sits -
Waiting . . .
And listening
For the trains
Which roar by,
Singing him an old song.

Claudia Gaydos

Green Bingleys

With public kisses
Bingley Sisters compliment
Later envy bites.

Rebecca Smith

Nucleus Reigns

O Nucleus, Nucleus! Wherefore art thy self-esteem?
Deny thy membrane and refuse the confinement!
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn the king,
And you'll no longer be forgotten.
'Tis but they D.N.A. that is thy power.
Thou art phenomenal, though not a vacuole.
What's a nucleus?
'Tis the center of perfections and mutations
Nor golgi apparatus, nor mitochondria, nor any lysosomes
Belonging to a cell, O, be not so modest!
What's in a nucleus? That which we call chromosomes
By which is conceived life's characteristics.
So nucleus, where it be recognized,
Retain that near-perfection which it owes
Without that shyness, Nucleus, keep they genes;
And for thy control, which should be much a part of thee,
Take all yourself.

Elena Esteban

Satan's Daughter

Confusing resentment with every turn,
A dagger tongue that boils blood.
Who can hide? Who is safe?
The angelic kill of beauties' revenge;
Flashing green fire always pulling,
Talking with God, but smiling at Satan.
Silencing gentleness of a throttling whirlwind,
Choking power from the grip of a cat's stare.
Is anyone true? Is anyone pure?
Who will know? Who will find out?

Mark Lazarus

Ellen Dessloch

A War to End All Wars

It is a pitiful sight, seeing fairhaired young amateurs march into the glory of battle. It is agreed by all, and quite naturally, that war is fun, so I humbly propose that we spread this grand form of amusement to everyone -- but more preferably to heads of state and round-bottomed, four-starred generals, who only privilege is to plot out strategies using paper and crayons. Why should naive, unknowledgeable eighteen year-olds be the only ones lucky enough to give their lives and limbs to bask in the glory of being a hero.

Therefore, I ever so humbly propound my sentiments with the honest intention of furthering the sheer entertainment and pleasure of war. Let us allow these soft-bellied men to leave their imprisonments -- plushily disgusting, cool and colorful offices -- and take to the field for some playful combat. And then, stemming from so many years of neglect, I propose that all wars, from this point forward, be fought **only** and exclusively by heads of state and a few selected generals.

I have, at length, humbly pondered this proposal, and I have found several advantages in this plan.

First and most important is the economic advantage. Any war depletes a nation's treasury, with its many expenses such as food and clothing, not to mention guns, tanks, planes, bullets, etc. My plan only needs the bare necessities to work -- one small handgun, five bullets and one football field.

Foodstuffs, clothing and other miscellanea are not needed because my war, at the most, lasts one day. In giving each man one gun and five bullets in a territory void of hills and trenches, each man is given two choices: either shoot and be shot at, or turn to more peaceful and boring methods of problem solving.

Secondly, the problem of clearing dead bodies away and tending to wounds is virtually solved, considering that being faced with such a choice, the men would invariably choose peace.

I admit that I have absolutely nothing to gain from this plan. I, being neither male, a four-star general nor a head of state could not take part in any of the action. I admit there is one fault to my plan, the reaction of the young men is inestimable. It is difficult to tell if they will be violent or jubilant.

Denise Hallstein

Doolittle, the Dustman

I am Alfie Doolittle,
Lived a life of sin
Regret nothing in all my years
I like my low class style
I drink, gamble, fraternize
Live by my very Guile.
They say I live a life of sin
But for me it's the only way
To have ten pounds and save it
Is not the way to be,
To have five pounds and spend it,
The only life for me.
Middle class morality, such a Bloody waste
As long as I'm a Dustman
I'll be happy in my place.

William Breitenbach
Julian Kelshaw

Cutex

Dark, garish,
light, delicate,
sticky, dented, peeling.

Feelings smooth
or brittle,
erased with polish
remover.

Those we wish
would last forever
eventually chip away.

Liahna Gordon

Autumn Farole

Dangerous Hope

There is a shark in me and a dolphin . . . and the shark swims in the bluest oceans of my dreams and kills his enemies for the salvation of life . . . and the dolphin jumps through the air into the future, jumps to the life that's ahead of me, and magically disappears into the depths of the ocean, and I got the shark and the dolphin from the wilderness.

Dawn Ryan

Deception

A red rose
choked by entagling vines
strikes out with merciless resentment

A cold stone
hinders the path
yet is too strong to be removed

A Pied Piper
deceptively commands others
into the awaiting arms of evil

A diverse chameleon
ever changing
lies in wait of opportunity.

Amy Barrick

100

Curtain Call for Big Brother

Big Brother's image plastered over the marquis,
Curtains closed on Vaudeville

Wooden stage worn smooth by Nijinsky,
Blanketed by thick layers of dust

Baby Grand's ivory keys looted by Proles,
Black keys, a dischord of sharps and flats

Props in a corner--top hat, fountain pen, 12-hour-clock,
Relics of Ziegfeld Follies

Rocket bombs filled orchestra pit with dusty rubble,
Morgan and Gould's balconies destroyed

Discarded scripts quote last syllable of recorded time,
Erased to build Civic Center for killing freethinkers

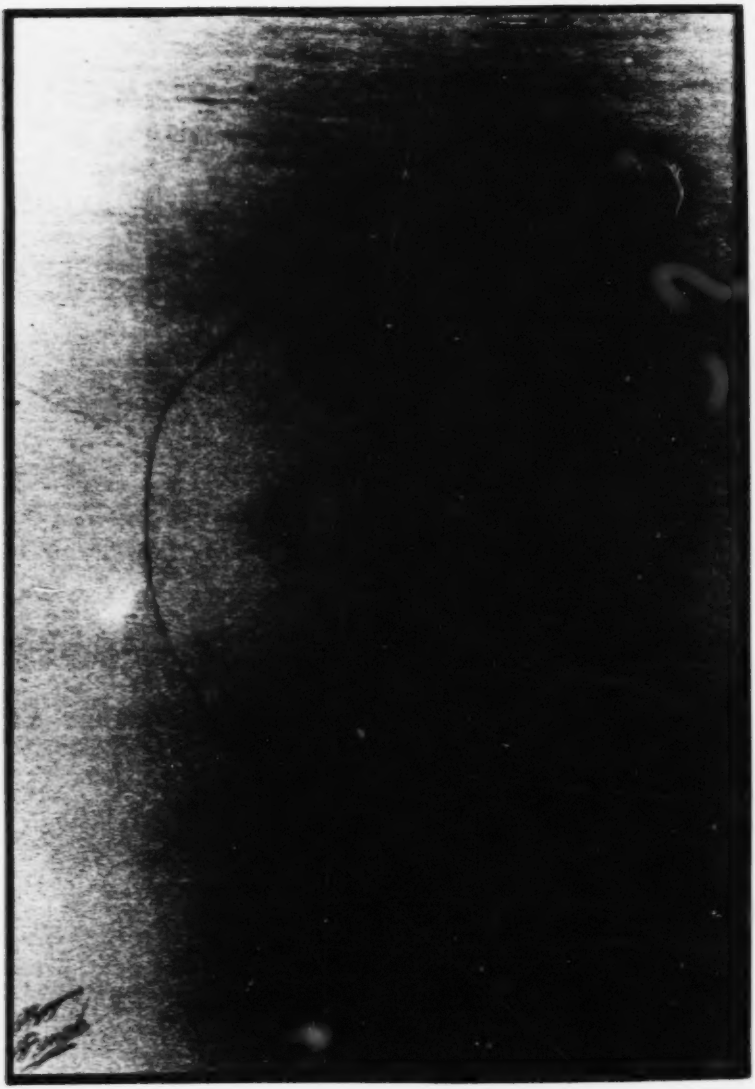
Winston, poor player, fretted his last hour upon the stage,
Big Brother lighting his way to dusty death.

Lisa Mahle

City Life

There is a penguin in me . . . I know I come from the bitter cold arctics . . . I swim with flipper-like wings in the chilling blue waters . . . I waddle awkwardly on land often tobogganning on my belly over ice . . . stay in crowds . . . migrate to great distances . . . hoping to find a home.

Kathleen Lynn Tkatch



Matthew French

Dynasty

A Joan Collins of younger days
A conniving beautiful witch
As swift and graceful as a lioness
Queen of all her domain.

Her coal black hair
Innocent, yet darkened with sin
An Aphrodite devil
Her domineering appearance not a
fraction as threatening as her
evil disposition.

Tongue bitingly sharp
Sharp enough to stifle even the strongest
man
Her sparking black eyes know all,
Piercing deep within your soul –
A temptress of another kind.

Jane Wallace

Mental Ghetto

A young boy stands on the cracked sidewalk
In the shadow
Of a red brick tenement building.
Gazing over its grey rooftop
He sees
The silver and steel splendor of a skyscraper's walls.
Unable to get inside them, he is unable to escape the
shadow
Of a red brick tenement building,
Consumed by frustration and hate he attacks
The wall
With black paint and angry words.
For a moment the wall that imprisons him
Frees him.
He returns to this wall
Of a red brick tenement building
Not knowing how to get out
Or how to get in.

Jessica Ullery

Paul Gaudio

Peace Is War

Bloody shirt
Blank stare
Victory?
None there.

G.I. Joe
Immature
Child's play?
Creates stir.

Peacekeepers
Rebels shoot --
Marines die
Beirut!

Lisa Mahle

Doolittle's Dilemma

Doolittle:
This "middle class morality!"
Why, Henry Higgins, you've ruined me!
You've written me off to this Wannerfeller,
And thrown away my life in the cellar.
Responsible I am now,
Respectable I am now!
How's a feller from the cellar
Supposed to keep this life?
"Tied neck and heels"
To ones that squeals
And touches me up for money!
Ones I touched, now, touchin' me
And all 'cause "middle class morality."
I don't know where 'Liza is
Nor do I care
'Cause once she finds out
She'll, too, be in my hair.

C. Ramsey Longaker

Hell, No! Don't Go!

Evade the bloody, sanctioned hell
Young hearts not meant to kill or die
Retreat from war and bid you well.

Japanese heard no warning knell
Fission explosions let out cry
Evade the bloody, sanctioned hell.

Men fought three years for parallel
Korean orphans bring a sigh
Retreat from war and bid you well.

Viet Namese we sought to quell
Horrible slaughter at My Lai
Evade the bloody, sanctioned hell.

Druse target for New Jersey's shell
Children bombarded; death draws nigh
Retreat from war and bid you well.

What soldiers saw they could not tell
They shot what moved and knew not why
Evade the bloody, sanctioned hell
Retreat from war and bid you well.

Charles Lawhead

Theodore and Me

As young children living on a farm, my brother, sister, and I often brought animals home. One time my brother brought home 3 baby squirrels. Talk about ugly, they looked like drowned rats. They didn't have any hair on their tails and their eyes were still closed. They were very popular with my mom.

We practically twisted mom's arm to let us keep them. I promised to feed them with an eye dropper, a mixture of milk, Karo and egg. I even woke up at 3:30 a.m. just to feed the little rats. I named them after the 3 chipmunks: Simon, Alvin, and Theodore.

After Simon had opened his eyes, we gave him to a friend who had raised squirrels before. Alvin, the runt, began to lose weight even though he ate. The cute little guy became weak and died a few days later. But Theodore and I became best friends. Theodore had big brown eyes, soft brown fur with a snow white belly, and a long bushy tail. He stayed in a large cage in our basement. Although we kept him locked up to keep him out of trouble, he had plenty of room to run around. In the evenings we would let him come upstairs. He would romp around the living room, climb the drapes and play with the tassles on the lamp shades. I loved to watch him play -- so did my parents, but they wouldn't admit it. He was the best nightly entertainment we had. He even began to look like a squirrel instead of a rat. I knew, however, that I would have to let go sooner or later.

One warm summer day, we let him go near our crab apple tree. We had to bribe him with nuts and apple slices to get him to come down from the branches. Until he got used to being on his own, we put him inside his cage at night.

He quickly learned that he could eat practically everything, and we could no longer bribe him with food. We let him out for longer periods of time every day and he adjusted well. He was more like a squirrel, but he often came to us to play, or look for some apple slices and nuts.

Although we stopped bringing him into the house, he popped in to say "hi" and then be on his way. We have a lot of property surrounding our home so he always stayed close to the house. He visited the elderly couple next door. He really made them laugh. They like Theodore because they could feed and pet him. He was everyone's friend, but he preferred me. He could sit on my shoulder and nibble at my ear, or sit on the patio table and play cards with me by taking a card and hiding it from me. When I retrieved it he would take another. With Theodore around, I never played a game of solitaire.

I knew that one day he wouldn't come back. Eventually he would find a mate and forget about us. Well, Theodore did disappear, and I figured he was gone for good.

Denise Bobincheck

Anne Beswick

Dolphin In The Zoo

I touched today
And found we shared
Soft flesh

I knew about
Quick minds
Loving natures

Your Ancestors,
So much more
Ancient than mine,
Share the same
Star stuff
And we both love
Open spaces.

I walk away
Into mine
And weep

Penny Russell

108

The Garden

The apple whole, now eaten
The open bridge, now closed
The world good, now evil
  The wall built forever.

Singing His soliloquy
  His eyes full of love
  His arms ready to receive,
God, disappointed in the wall built
  by Adam and Eve.

We live in a garden
  where fruit rots and grass burns;
  food spoils;
  where robbers break in and steal,
   moths destroy;
  where persecution is known,
  divorce existent . . .
Life not always a pleasure
  Without finding the hidden
   diamond treasure.

Bruised cores make a wall of themselves,
  Like a pile of fallen leaves.
Thus the mortar of these cores is much thicker;
The thickness only a death can make up for
 A pile of dead apple cores.

Nicole Thomas

ZOO 2001

space oddity . . . mechanical dreams . . .
time warp . . . floating in limbo . . .
computer brains . . . nebulous quassarian
galaxies . . . purple hazy fantasies . . .
black devastation . . . syzygy

110

Irish

Red-winged thought monster
Peering noble-eagle eyed
Setter in the wind.

David Geikler

Destruction

American cities,
tumbleweeds,
crumbling monolith,
each clicking heel
eroding sand and stone.

Buildings,
rising suns,
eventually settling
over the horizon,
crumbling in service
to man, their creator.

Michael Sullivan

PENUMBRA

The flute
launches a sweet,
hollow echo
of i AM

s
t
i
l
l
t
i
n
g

through
a middle-aged forest
clouded in the infinite silver
of i was . . .

it searches
timorously steady
with longing
and even abandon
for a final note
in the green twilight
of I HOPE . . .

Dierdre Longo

Rebecca Smith

Love's Blind, I'm Not

Her presence brought memories of such things as burr bushes, broken glass jewelry and the afterglow from a nuclear waste mishap; her moods recalled mating simians and winters spent shortsleeved in Siberian work camps; her motions, the convulsions of a stomach laden with pizza and exotic drinks with a high alcohol content; her voice akin to a raspy-throated river-rat emitting her call of love.

Robert Harris

Arcade Addiction

Renee Johns

It is a melancholy sight to those thrifty people trying to fight the economy, when they witness in malls, on main streets, and in public places of all kinds, young adolescents and immature adults feeding quarters into hungry video machines. These citizens somehow find endless hours of pleasure in spending hard earned money to corrupt themselves by playing these arcade games.

I think it is agreed by all parties, that the world now suffers because of this video obsession. Concerned citizens everywhere strive to find a way to end, or at least control, the video-crazed people. Of course, there exist various solutions to this modern problem. A ban could be put on all arcade and video games so that the public would have no choice but to terminate their addiction. The government has the power to tax all arcade games; this solution would not only limit the numbers of game fanatics, but it would also increase federal revenue.

In naturally weighing the schemes of other projectors, I have yet to find any solution as effective as my own. I now humbly present my plan to stop, once and for all, the current problem created by these monstrous video games.

I do hereby offer it to public consideration, that all people frequenting arcades of any type, should be arrested and taken to "Video Challenge." Comparable to Orwell's Room 101, the Video Challenge will be lined with hundreds of man-hungry video

continued on next page

games. The people ending up here will now face the most devastating video experience possible. Each person is assigned a video machine, coin operated, which they must play until a winner is determined. If the player wins the video game, they are allowed to help design new games for the Video Challenger. But if the video game defeats its challenger, the machine sends out an electric pulse with instantly kills the loser.

First, as I have already observed, this modest proposal I present would greatly lessen, if not terminate, the number of video players. With the threat of the Video Challenge striking fear into the heart of arcade frequenters, video games will inevitably become extinct.

Secondly, millions of dollars spent on games each year will be recirculated into the economy. Eventually, the economy will show positive results due to an increase in consumer spending.

Thirdly, children, who previously spent all of their spare time in arcades, will stay at home with their parents. This also presents a solution to the breakdown of family communication.

Fourthly, the elimination of arcades will permit the education system to eliminate its greatest competition. Hopefully, this humble proposal will create a greater uninterrupted interest in education for students everywhere.

I fortunately fell upon this proposal after months of brainstorming, and am now publicly presenting my solution to the problem of video addiction. I profess that, not being taken in at all by this obsession, I promote this idea for those who only continue to ignore the immoral effects of the arcade world.

Niches

My attic
oversees all
gathering odds, ends
dust, antiques, memories.

Grey pictures,
ripped snapshots,
my aversions and desires.

Raymond Shepherd

Autumn Farole

116

Combat

Through sleet and fog
a cross in red
on white armband
falling
slowly
surrounded by
dying screams
defining explosions
raking gunshots
as sloshing footsteps
sink to blood-covered mud.

Jay

Crystal Structures

What happens to dreams once dreamt?
Are they forever forgotten?
Crystal dreams thought into geometric
patterns, gazed upon with awe and
beauty. Perfect in each angle and
shape, flawless and whole. Each
complete shape and angle represents
the poetic structures and foundations
of our dreams. When the rising
light joins in union with our crystal
dreams, a rainbow of promise appears,
to perplex and mystify us. And out of
nowhere comes the unicorn, dancing to
his heart's content, finishing our
dream with peace and tranquility.
Dreams once dreamt remain, but for-
ever in our fairytale world, only to
be dreamt by someone else and crystal-
ized to perfection.

Anne Beswick

Reflections

Small trinkets
Tucked away
In an old shoebox
Memories
Only seen
By reminiscing eyes

Faded photos
Lie bent
And torn

An ancient journal
With yellowed pages,
Still guarded
By a tiny lock
Inside, a rose
Now dry and stiff
Rests between
The diary's secrets

One anonymous Valentine
Is hidden
Amongst a few chosen
Cards and letters

A collection
Of ticket halves
And bubble gum wrappers
Clutter one small corner
And a tiny, plastic ring
Given by a 1st grade sweetheart
Couldn't be spared
Either . . .

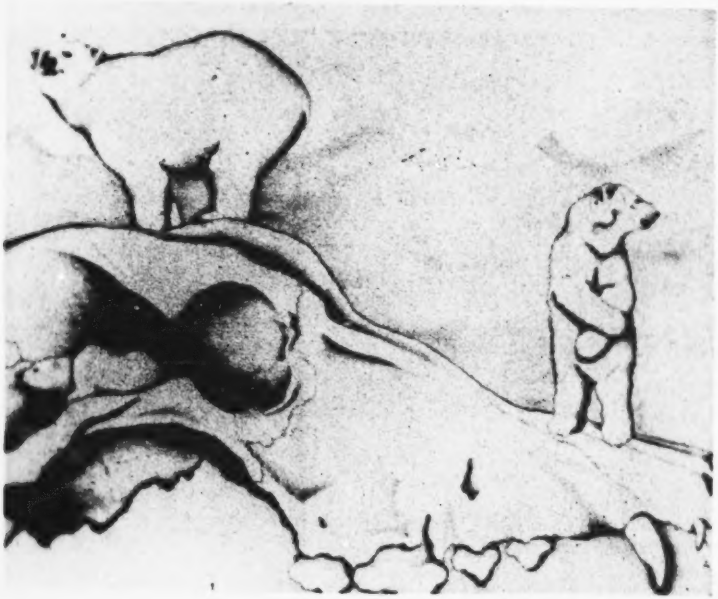
After yesterday
Has been revisited
That shabby, old shoebox
Again, packed away.

Claudia Gaydos

Biocellularmania

One of the unique aspects of the cell
Leaving men astounded,
The plasma membrane which leaves the cell surrounded.
The plasma membrane acts in the cell as a great sieve,
Regulating what and what not to give.
Food enters the cell as a vacuole, a membraned structure,
Releasing its contents by hydrolysis
Rather than by rupture.
This is done by the membraned structure
Called the lysosomes,
Digestive proteins received from the birosomes.
After the proteins are made,
They travel through the E.R. in a long parade.
They travel in a race to see which one will be beat,
To be packaged at the Golgi Appartus as a cute,
But deadly treat.
If one lysosome were to rupture,
It would totally digest most of the cell's structure.
There are several other cell features,
Such as the Mitochondria resembling a slug-like creature.
The Mitochondria is a double-membraned organelle
Which releases usable energy to the cell.
Last but not least, the most important organelle
Is the nucleus, the brain of the cell.
Inside the nucleus, there are the DNA and the genes,
Which decide a person's cause and means.
All the organelles and structures,
Held in a gel-like substance
As dark as tinted glass,
It goes by the name of colsidale mass.
These are living building blocks, the animal cell,
What else lies ahead to be found, only science can tell.

James Heist



Autumn Farole

Dungeons and Dragons

Hanali Celanil's presence brought memories of golden asphodels, emeralds, and dew enshrined mornings; her moods recalled the entrancing effects of the waters of Evergold and the lighthearted frolicking of the elven Pearl; her motions, the grace and majesty of the eternal phoenix; her voice, a shimmering harp.

Charles Lawhead

He wasn't Big,
or small...
or Impressive
And he called himself "Common Beast"
One day I met a dragon...
SORRY
But he had admirable qualities...
... A warm fire (his aim was not great)
..A passable roar...
and imagination
For years he had been my friend; but then he grew up... and realized that people don't really exist.

David Geikler

Dragon Quest

The Darkling challenges the shadowing light,
Rejecting edicts of past dragon kings,
Sabled wings taking evil flight.

Answering the call with summoned might,
The Last Dragon rises on time-tired wings.
The Darkling challenges the shadowing light.

Circling evil, eyes fear fabled sight,
Distant hope, the Last Dragon brings,
Sabled wings taking evil flight.

Gray bearded, Good launches its final fight,
The meeting of two giant masses rings,
The Darkling challenges the shadowing light.

The Darkling plummets from moonraking height,
And deep within its soul, failure's cry stings,
Sabled wings taking evil flight.

The Dragon returns into the receding night,
Triumphant fire burns, its soul sings,
The Darkling challenges the shadowing light,
Sabled wings taking evil flight.

Anne Beswick

Prologue to The Blade of the Dagger

Martin Chiaverini

Night fell quickly on the lush, tropical jungle of the tiny, green planet called Nehra by its inhabitants. And as the sun dipped below the horizons, leaving the western sky as red and baleful as a victim's blood, a battle raged.

Actually, it could not really be called a battle, for it was over in less than two minutes. But, nonetheless, it was an attempt by the primitive inhabitants of Nehra to ward off their hostile invaders. It was also suicide.

An Amazon scout watched the battle from the top of Guardian Hill. As she peered through the near-darkness toward the plains of Camora, she witnessed the merciless slaughter of her Sisters. It was not that they were too badly outnumbered, but hopelessly outclassed by the invaders, whom they had dubbed the Skymen, and their weapons. Suddenly, there was a flash of light, like a piece of sun, and another of the Amazons fell to the ground.

Several seconds later, the fighting stopped, and all the Amazons that had not been killed were rounded up and herded like a pack of wild dogs into a small air vessel. The vessel lifted gently off the ground and whisked the Amazons away toward the Skymen's base, and ancient volcano.

The scout, her heart heavy with despair, paused a moment to mourn the death of her comrades and pity the ones that had not been killed. She sighed deeply, then began picking her way down Guardian Hill. She dreaded having to report her news to the High Queen. But there was nothing else to do.

She descended quickly into the darkness . . .

Vanna, High Queen of the Amazons, strode urgently out of the building which housed her personal quarters and moved hurriedly across the Village. She had just received the Scout's report.

Vanna soon came to her destination. She stopped in front of a small abode hut with a straw roof. She did not bother to announce herself, but instead walked through the open door. The single room of the hut was lit only by a small candle which sat on an oaken table in the center of the room. Then she saw the person whom she sought. There, in a corner of the room, amongst a pile of animal furs, was a very old woman. She was a

continued on next page

Bittersweet Presents . . .

The Cymborians were expanding their empire. .They had crossed the Neutral Zone into United Terran Confederation territory, killing and enslaving the Amazons of Aroboria III, a class 1B planet. Establishing a base in an ancient volcano, the Cymborians were testing a new secret weapon.

A crystal dagger, mysteriously summoned from the Amazons' ancient lore, brought Terran and aliens together.

Will the Terrans defeat the Cymborians and their new secret weapon?

Or do they need outside help . . .?

Bittersweet proudly presents the prologue to **Martin Chiaverini's** first sci-fi novel –

The Blade of the Dagger

Reviewed by
Anne Beswick
Charles Lawhead

Prologue, continued

Healer.

"Monta," said Vanna urgently, "you must issue a Calling. We have no choice now."

"Our forces have failed?" Monta asked, already knowing the answer.

"Yes," replied Vanna sternly.

"This may become dangerous," Monta warned, "we have very little understanding of the Dagger. And very few of our Sisters still hold a belief in it. We must tell no one."

"I agree," said Vanna. "How, though, will the Dagger reach us if it is not, by chance, still on Nehra? For we have searched for it everywhere, but to no avail."

"In this also, we hold little understanding. But the Dagger is bound to those who summon it. Fear not, it must come to us."

The High Queen nodded. "Let us hope so." She breathed deeply. "Begin the Calling."

Following her command, Monta rose from her seat and walked to a clear area of dirt floor. There she stooped down and with soft, colored rock, about five feet across, in the ground drawing a white pentagram about five feet across, in the ground. She sat cross-legged in it. From her cloak she produced five candles. With the lighted candle on the table, she lit the other five, then

continued on next page

Prologue, continued

placed each one in the ground at the points of the pentagram. Vanna watched silently.

Monta then brought two palm-sized rocks from the folds of her garb. One rock was as white as ivory -- the other, as black as Satan's heart. They were both polished to perfection and shone brightly in the dim candlelight.

Monta, a rock in each palm of her outstretched arms, began a chant in a language that was unfamiliar to Vanna. The chant began as barely a whisper, then grew louder until it was at a normal speaking level. Vanna could still not make out the words, but they sounded very ancient and ghostly.

As the chant came to an end, Monta articulated one clear word loudly. "Khrall!" As Monta uttered this word, she brought her hands together over her head and clashed the rocks together. A blue beam of energy exploded from the rocks. Faster than lightening, it blasted harmlessly through the roof of the hut and arced across the night sky, heading for the outer void.

Monta stood up, and dropped something into the pentagram. "It is done," she announced. "Now we must wait."

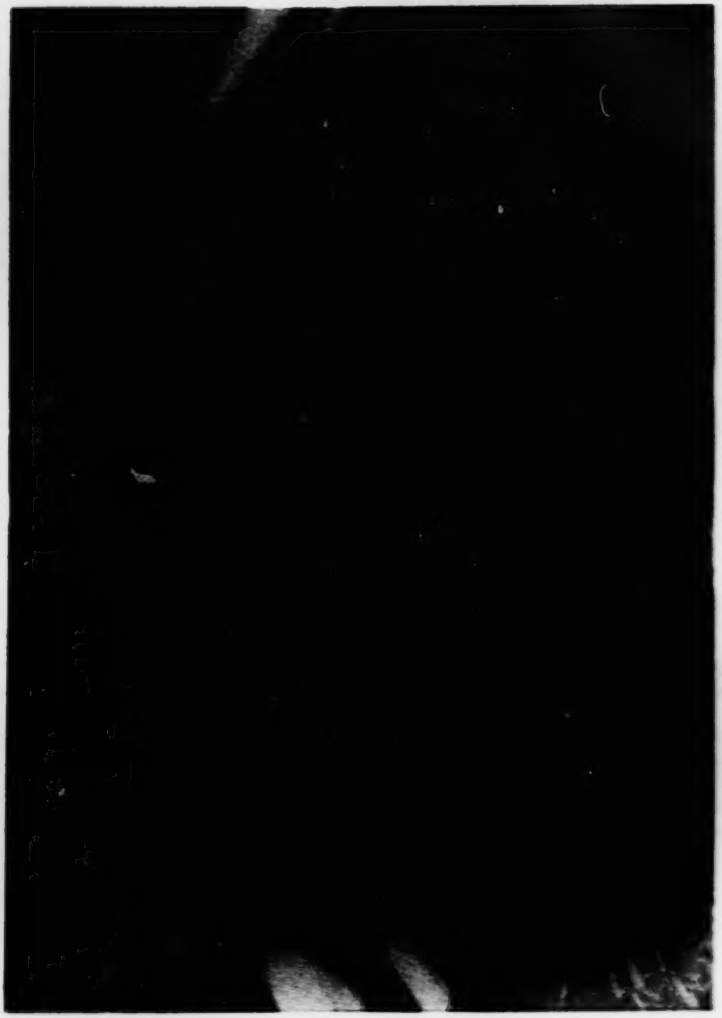
Vanna hardly heard her. She was looking at the object that Monta had dropped into the pentagram. A perfect crystal. Somehow, some way, the black and white stones had been fused by the explosion into a perfectly spherical, transparent crystal.

Vanna was about to ask Monta how and why this had happened; but she saw that the Healer was already fast asleep, physically drained by her ordeal. She left the hut quietly, stepping out into the warm jungle night.

Lucretia Borgia

Her presence brought memories of Connecticut swampland skunk cabbage, Pine Creek limestone, and drizzly March mornings; her moods recalled Medusa and Lady MacBeth; her motions, the slide and slither of an asp; her voice, the wail of the Scottish bagpipe.

Scot Armstrong



C. Ramsey Longaker

In the Eddies

A frantic kayak race that never ceases
Those who jump in unprepared
Will find themselves hopelessly twisting and turning
Struggling, then submerged with no escape.
The foamy waves spelling disaster

Allot time to learn the curves and eddies
Overcome the gentle currents before the mighty
Experience and knowledge will guide the paddle hand.

Wesley Horne

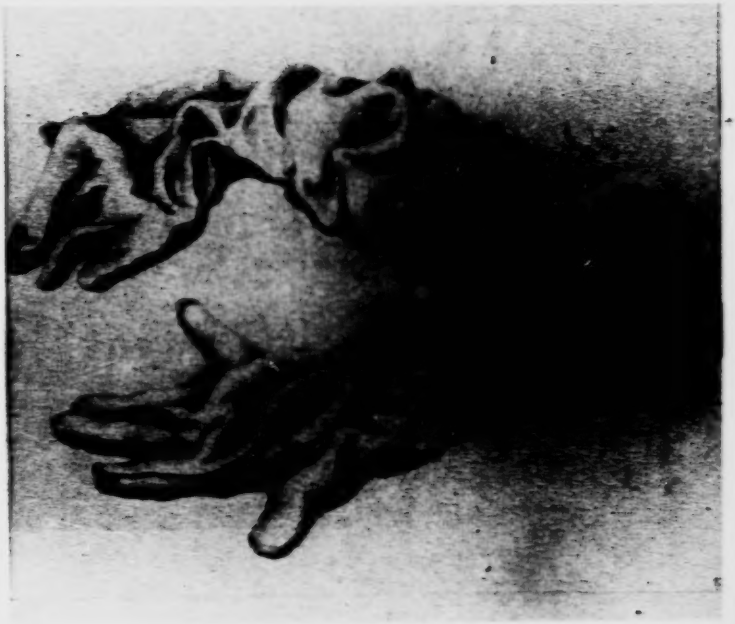
Cheshire David

Wire rim glasses encircle inquisitive eyes
Fiery red hair sparks of hot Iranian temper
Cheshire grin tastes of spicy sarcasm
Tongue sharper in debate than a politician's
Hasn't learned to tie his high-topped Adidas
Einstein never mastered that feat either.

Lisa Mahle

CAROUSEL

merry-go-round . . . pink elephants
oom-pah music . . . winding colors . . .
silly waves . . . ticket stubs . . .
screaming toddlers . . . silver
unicorns . . . mirror reflection . . .
undulating ponies



Rebecca Smith

Prayer of the Yellow Jacket

Lord,
I am the yellow jacket
Busy, buzzing, stinging.
I make your sweet honey
To oblige you,
But I need more tiger lilies
Or there will be no honey for your tea.

Amen.

Grant Kraus

Macabre Carnival

Come, watch the wheel of fortune spin
Entranced by the vip'rous game,
No sense of danger from within.

Carnie man assures a win
A shiny dime proclaims your name,
Come, watch the wheel of fortune spin.

Thundering heart above the din
The tempting musky scent of fame,
No sense of danger from within.

Money down, let the game begin
Ticka-ticka, needle take aim,
Come, watch the wheel of fortune spin.

Kewpie doll with baleful grin
Good and evil, one the same,
No sense of danger from within.

Macabre amusement, blinding sin
Wicked wheel shall never tame,
Come, watch the wheel of fortune spin
No sense of danger from within.

Autumn Farole

130

Aryan Acceleration

Love is
Porsche.
300 horse power
of hard core
unadulterated
excitement.

Acceleration
that sends your blood
to the back of your body.
Red line: Shift:
g-forces pin you
to the can-can red leather seats.

Sexy at 160,
Straightening the sharpest curves,
Shortening the longest straights,
the horizon nears,
off into the sunset,
a teasing black streak.

Paul Gaudio

Love

A thick wool sweater,
warming,
holes mended quickly
though we may
have to search
for thread.

David Foote

My Who T-Shirt

Robert Murdock

Every summer my family goes on one, sometimes two, boring vacations. This past summer was supposed to be different. We would be gone for about three weeks, traveling across America in a brand new custom van, and visiting all of our nation's great wonders. Basically, though, it was no different from any previous vacation. except that instead of five of us in a cabin or hotel room for a week or so, there were six of us (our German-exchange girl accompanied us; in a van, on the road, for three weeks. Suffering near-constant boredom and occasional fraternal conflict, I was in desperate need of a refuge, a sanctuary. I found one of my Walkman stereo, which was always loaded with a cassette of the British rock group, The Who. Actually Laura always came before The Who, but it was close, and she's another story altogether.

By the time we had migrated seven thousand long, hot miles to San Francisco, the seagulls in the bay were singing "Sea and Sand" to the beat of the waves lapping the end of the pier. That pier just happened to be Pier 49 on Fisherman's Wharf. We had arrived at that great open shopping mall/tourist trap early, and overcoming the incessant but rather insane fear of contracting AIDS from the San Francisco air, I took a breath and entered a shop. Cowboy hats, leather belts, leather vests, spurred boots, leather whips and anything else made of leather that could be imagined adorned the floor, ceiling, walls, and salespersons of this shop. Enough for me, I sauntered over to the next shop. Through the mass of teen-agers, I could see electrifying posters, dazzling pins, buttons and patches, and racks and racks of T-shirts. Some loud music was emanating from inside the shop, but all I could hear was "My Generation."

Anxiously I pushed my way into the Rock Shop and over toward the T-shirts. Looking eagerly through the 'W' section, I found exactly what I was looking for on the hanger, a black T-shirt. Across the front, in white, was printed The Who's logo, an awesome outline of Pete Townshend playing his guitar, and the words "MAXIMUM R & B." My great joy waned as I searched frantically for a shirt my size and discovered that a small was the last that they had. To top it off, the shirt cost ten dollars.

"Who Are you" began to play in my head as I carried the shirt

continued on next page

Who T-shirt, continued

to the counter and pulled out my wallet. As I handed the money to the queer at the cash register, I half wondered if the song meant anything. Just who was I, throwing my money away?

Back in our motel room that evening, I tried the shirt on. Two sizes too small – I could barely breathe, let alone move in it! Eventually it stretched a little, and after admiring it in the mirror for a while, I sat down with my Walkman and played a tape – again. Proud of my new shirt, I felt that my question was answered, as the last few notes of "The Real Me" died away.

Robert Murdock

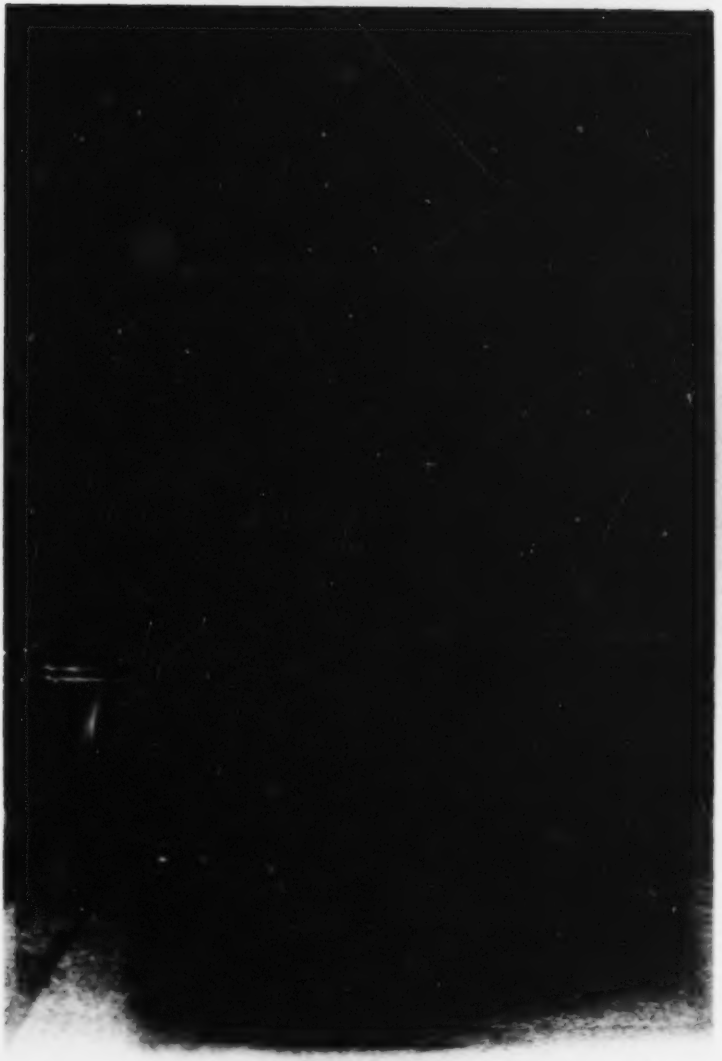
Narnia Winter

Winter,
a child's
snowy-white
blanket.

Uniquely fashioned
cotton,
robing the ground
in white splendor.

Children
readjusting the cloak,
snowball others.

Anne Beswick



R. Jeffrey McGeary

Sunday

Potpourri:
Jasmine, lavender
Rose petals, lemon peels
Cinnamon sticks
Tied and packaged in satin.

Beautiful and pungent
Put away
In dresser drawers
To be removed
Only for a new week.

Michele Petrucci

Volley

Sometimes I serve
too conservatively,
putting others
in control.

Then I smash
too hard
in a hit or miss
situation.

Occasionally
I meet the ball
with even pace --
but that consistency
lacks excitement.

Laurie Johnson

Paul Gaudio

Kaleidescope

Traveling through Wolf Creek; sandwiched by mountains,
The sun dashes behind grey majesties,
Distant white peaks support thick slabs
of grey and white clouds.
Suddenly, hues of icy rose and cold blue
radiate the sky, a Contrast
to the cozy brown and fading green of Cowland.
Last rays of gold shoot from behind the mountains.
Grasping, striving to stay, until
Darkness usurps. But still, the icy blue survives
to extend the sunset; a sunset different
than I'd imagined.

Virginia Wahl

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Pushy Salesman

Rats! There's the doorbell again. It figures the
Best part of "General Hospital" comes on,
And some nut rings the bell. Hold on!
Oh excuse me, and what are you selling today? How
Nice, the Ronco Nifty Swifty Gadget. Well,
I don't need one right now! So if you'll excuse me,
I'll be getting back to my soap opera.
After all, Luke and Laura are together
Once again! I really don't want to hear
About a ninety year guarantee. Somehow,
I don't think I'll be using your Ronco whatchamacallit!
No, I don't care if it only cost $19.95 plus tax.
No! I don't care if you need the commission! If you
Want to make a sale, try next door at the
Klepenskis. They don't speak English but they
Will probably buy your gadget. No sir!
I don't even care if your product slices, dices
And even kills mices! Why can't you just
Leave right now? I swear I'll call
KDKA Hotline and complain! So help
Me, I'll call! Finally, now I can get
Back to "General Hospital"!

Ann Weigand

Paul Gaudio

Changing Condescensions

There is a peacock in me and a chameleon . . . and the peacock struts through the spring fields of my pride and flares the tail of my accomplishments . . . and the chameleon scampers into the hazy night at it's darkest hour, scampers under the stones of my caves of secrecy, crouches in the unseen corners of my fears – and I got the peacock and the chameleon from the wilderness.

Jan Katona

Rad Ladds

205 c.m. Fishers, break gate
Patagonia blue-streaks past flags
Triple skate on ice patch
Turn, hinged on downhill ski
Edging it!

160 c.m. Rossingnols, bump-to-bump
Scott pole stabs mogul beast
Orange parallel perpendicular
To angle of descent
Edging it!

150 c.m. Olins, Hawaiian Suicide
Helicopter hotdog plots course
360 degrees, 720 degrees, 1080 degrees?
Crash landing in arctic desert
Caught an edge!

Lisa Mahle

February 14

She
  Came into the world on the other side,
  But at the same time as
He . . .

Fate,
  Present on every side of that same world,
  Saw that they needed to meet somewhere in the
Middle . . .

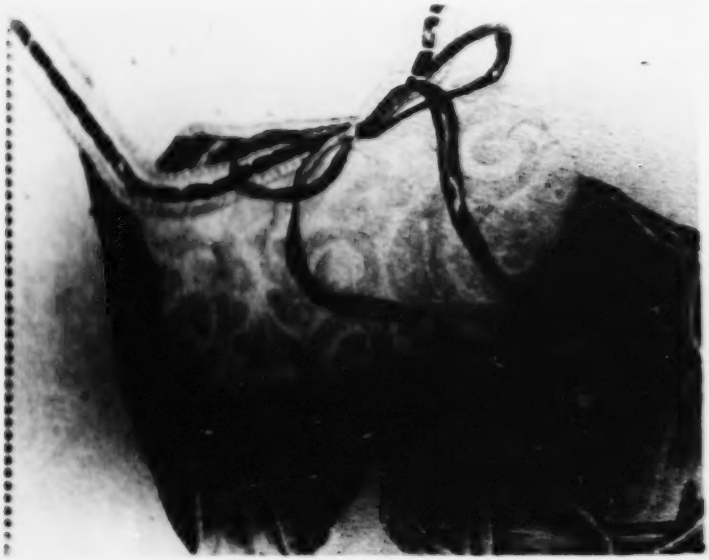
They,
  However,
    Did not agree with Fate,
    And decided
    Quite on their own,
    To meet alone at
Freddie's Fishery . . .

Deirdre Longo

Athena

Dawn's presence brought memories of **Rosacea setigera**, rubies, and Audubon evenings; her moods kindled Zeus's temper and the persuasion from "Faust"; her motions, the shimmer of the Northern Lights; her voice, the flute accompanied by the piano.

Paul Campbell



Renee Johns

Butterflies

My turn,
Please butterflies escape
I won't be nervous
I move to the front
of the room
Please butterflies
Leave me,
Everyone stares
Eyes focused on
Me -
Is my tie straight?
Will I make a fool
of myself?
Will they like my speech?
Will Miss Stevens
laugh at the right
punch lines?
Here goes nothing
but everything.
Bb-uu-tt-err-
f-f-l-liies
Show some sympathy
Ouch - one just
bit me -
the bite - the itch,
Butterflies crawl
through my stockings,
legs are jello -
hide behind desk
essence of perspiration
make me hot and
uncomfortable all
over
butterflies out
the window -
Speech is over.

Kathleen Hazelbach

Run for the Roses

Against the sun and dust
I saw number 331
in black on a green
saddle blanket.
Eager hooves on beat
squeaking leather
wild cries
from a crowd
assisting in beating
the clock.

Kristine Kuriger

Innocent of Amateurs

Myself, my family, my generation, were born in a world of championships; a world of hard work and necessary patience, of body poised in air, Harris diving over the end line, of Superdomes packed with 100,000 screaming fans; of Wimbledons and World Series and the skill to get there; of grass tennis courts, dented by blistering serves, innocent of amateurs, on which the skilled compete, and almost never for pleasure, and Lendl's serve was the fastest thing moving.

Michael Gray

Facades

The spotlight upon you once again,
The glamorous and ghastly
Ziggy Stardust gone,
Only to be replaced by
The **real** David Bowie.

No longer shocking the world,
Orange hair aglow,
Make-up applied,
Ready to pounce on humanity.

Exiting quietly,
Entering grandly,
Rock star, actor
Father, idol
Legend
Complex character

Another facade,
Another role,
Chameleon on stage
Once again.

Michele Petrucci

Viperous Equus

There is a thoroughbred racehorse in me . . . muscles toned for quick movement . . . a passion for competition . . . and the glorious spoils of victory – I keep this horse because the wilderness gave it to me, and the wilderness will not let it go.

Robert Patterson

Ellen Dessloch

Carousel Song

Nike in the stirrup,
Toss a Levied limb,
Climb aboard a unicorn,
Ride the ribbon's rim,

Round go merry
Merry-go-round
Search the stars,
Spin the ground.

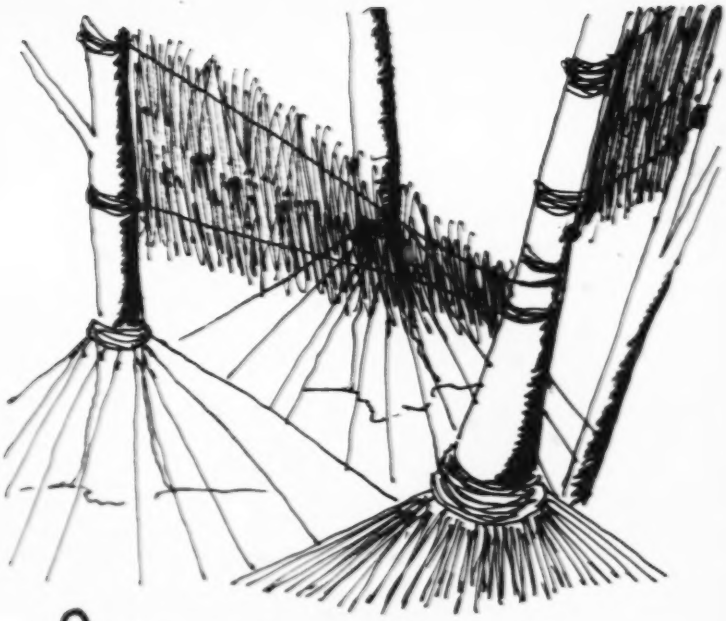
Pick you poney
Risk the ring
Practiced wave,
Bare bulb sting.

Roung go merry
Merry-go-round
Search the stars,
Spin the ground.

Spur to gallop
Mirrored elf
Enchanted forest
Fleeting self

Round go merry
Merry-go-round
Spin the stars
Search the ground.

Shirley S. Stevens



BUNDLE UP

LISTEN TO NATURE HUM
A TUNE OF PUSSY WILLOWS
WHEATGRASS AND COTTONWOODS

PICK A NOTE
IN HARMONY
WITH ADOBE
STONES AND BONES

AN OCTAVE LACED
WITH PRICKLY PINENEEDLES
DRIED RED ROSES
AND ME

FOR TORY
FROM AUTUMN

Bittersweet Menagerie

in
bitter sweet
march when creative
unstudents flockandherd to
the publicationscage

stamPEDing the aprilfools
dead line

and amyandautumn crack the
whip and train monkeys
who s g from the task to task
w n
i

and it's march

when q v feverspring
seniors contract their
annual itis

but colleenanddeirdre ellen and jenfer
acquire typingfinger instead and
daveandavid demand their
fodder

DO feed the bears
or staffmembers
metaMorphosize into
great gorging grizzlies

readproofing elephant emulations
or zebrapages of
penguin poetry before the

FOOL's
aprildeadline

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